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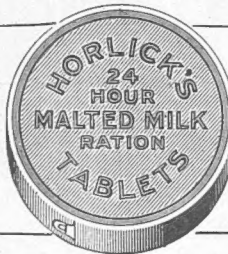
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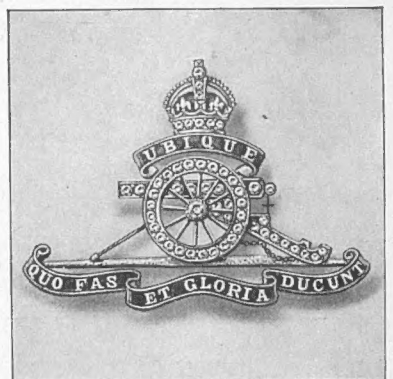
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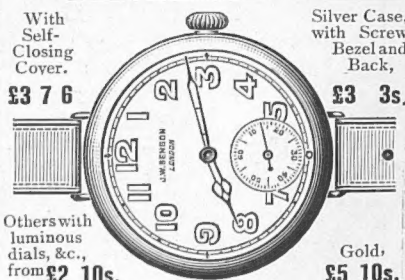
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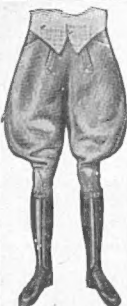
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# The Sketch

No. 1209—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



TO BE IN THE NEW ALHAMBRA REVUE : MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN—AND HEADDRESS.

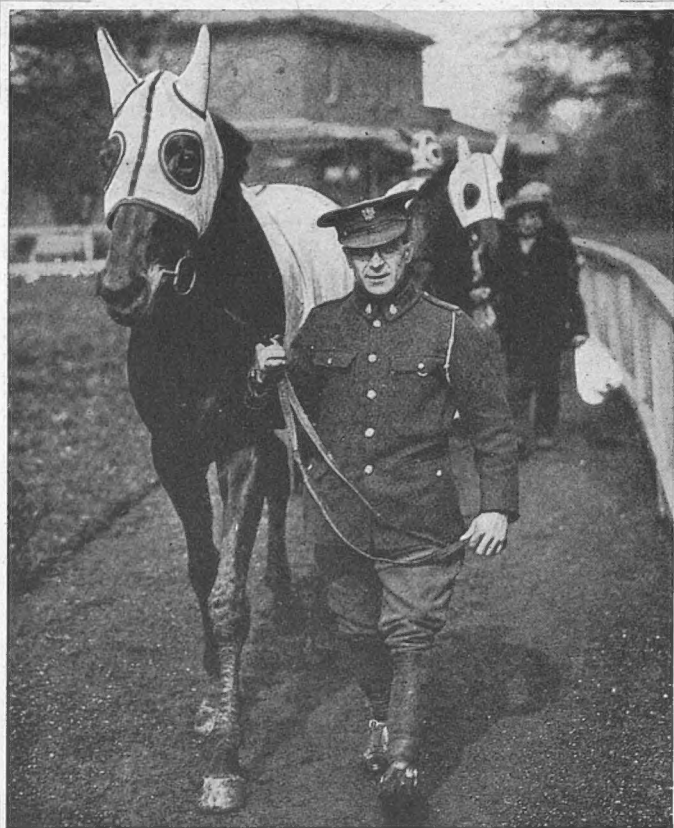
Details of the new Alhambra revue are not available at the moment ; but it is understood to have a "Tom and Jerry" basis, with Mr. George Robey and

Mr. Alfred Lester in the name-parts. Miss Phyllis Monkman is to reappear (which is good news), and will be seen in several dances.

*Photograph by Wrather and Buys.*



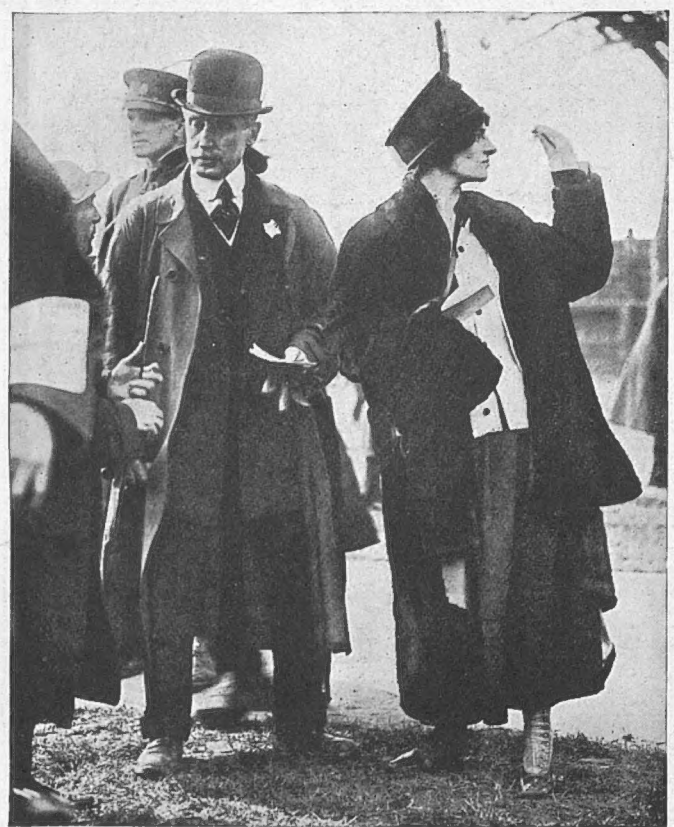
## THE "GRAND NATIONAL" AT GATWICK: A "SUBSTITUTE."



A POPULAR JOCKEY IN KHAKE: W. TEMPLAR LENDS A HAND.



A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSWOMAN: THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON.



AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR: LADY KATHARINE DE VERE SOMERSET.



MAKING A GOOD RECOVERY: MISS KATHLEEN WILMOT.

The change of place and name made little difference to the success of the "Racecourse Association Steeplechase," the substitute for the Grand National, at Gatwick, on Friday, March 24, and the bright sunshine seemed to make furs a superfluity, although a keen wind suggested wisdom on the part of the wearers. Men in khaki were as keen on the race, if not as numerous, as ever, and Society was present in force. Our first photograph is specially interesting as it shows a popular jockey, W. Templar, who joined the colours some months ago, lending a hand in the parade. Our second picture shows

the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, wife of a brother of the Earl of Durham, and daughter of Sir John Horner, of Mells Park, Frome. The subject of our third picture is Lady Katharine de Vere Somerset, a half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans; and our fourth shows the return to the racecourse of Miss Kathleen Wilmot, the popular daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, who, with her sister, has charge of her father's horses, one of which, "Fleur de Lys," was in the race. Miss Wilmot, although still using crutches, is making a good recovery from her recent accident.—[Photographs by Topical.]



## A NEW P.C.: THE RT. HON. AUSTRALIAN PREMIER.



ON A SHORT VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY; AND A STRAIGHT-TALKER TO ALL PARTIES: THE RT. HON. WILLIAM MORRIS HUGHES—WITH HIS WIFE AND HIS YOUNGEST CHILD.

The Right Hon. William Morris Hughes, the Premier of Australia, whose "straight talks" to men of all parties in England promise to go home with as telling effect as did King George's historic "Wake up, England!" address on his return from one of his Empire tours as Prince of Wales, is a compatriot of Mr. Lloyd George—a Welshman. He is in his fifty-sixth year, and went to Australia as a young man of twenty. Ten years later, in 1894, he entered the New South Wales Parliament as a

Member for Sydney, and sat continuously until elected to the First Federal Parliament as a Labour Member for Sydney. In 1904, he became Minister for External Affairs in the Australian Cabinet. Since then he has been called to the Bar in New South Wales, was Chairman of the Royal Commission on Navigation, and Delegate at the Imperial Conference, and has been in the forefront among Australian statesmen. He is now Premier, and has been appointed a Privy Councillor by the King.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*





# PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

TILL FASHION FADES.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

DON'T scold me, Camarades. I know I have not answered any of your letters for two weeks. It's like this, I keep my little messages for the end—*la bonne bouche*, you see!—and then I gossip on and on until my pencil stumbles off the margin, so to speak, and I can't cut off from the stuff or there would be still less sense in it! But I'll tell you what, I'll acknowledge your letters at the very beginning.

"Thank you" to my friend from the mountains of Salonika who says I saved his life just when he was dying of *ennui*. It's an amiable exaggeration. But what is no exaggeration is that you—you all—are saving mine, and if I can just help to make the boredom more bearable, well, Camarade, I'm awfully glad. So you think I am "*toujours gaie*"—hum! one tries hard, anyway. It would never do to sigh on one another's shoulder, would it? At least, it might be quite a pleasant process, but hardly practicable—what, O Man of the Mountains!

I think it is a shame that when *The Sketch* reaches you the other chaps have already "collared" all the Kirchner pictures. I suppose you mean appropriated them (there's not much collar to take hold of in Kirchner's things, as a rule!) Never mind, I'm going to post a particularly good number to you myself, with the prettiest of Kirchner's kids in it.

Yes, of course I live in London. Where else could one? Preserve me from the provinces! Oh, no, 'tis not prejudice. One could be quite happy, *almost* alone, in a forest hermitage. But in a small town—brrr! Joyce was telling me something about small towns the other day which made my flesh creep. It seems that recently she was on a visit to an elderly cousin in the provinces, a townish village really (some Lent sacrifice, I suppose!), and her Cousin Ursula asked her would she go for a walk round the neighbourhood and leave at every house a leaflet saying there would be special working parties held at the Vicarage every Wednesday, and would every one come, please, and sew for the soldiers? So Joyce trotted off and returned safely (in a wilderness, *cela va sans dire*!), and said she had accomplished her task and what a pretty house the "Lily Cottage" was! "Good gracious!" said Cousin Ursula, "you surely did not leave a leaflet there! Why, my dear, the lady at the Cottage is not the sort of person our Vicar can be expected to know!"

Joyce was awfully sorry, and *who* was the lady? But Cousin Ursula did not know, nor had she any wish to know—in fact, nobody who was anybody at all in Cramptown knew the Lily lady or wanted to. It was believed she was a sort of artist from London: "A—a 'body'-dancer" (!) whispered Cousin Ursula; and she smoked in her garden, and she wore a red suit, and in summer she actually dried her hair on the lawn!" "What do you mean?" asked Joyce, both awed and amused. "Does she hang her wig on the line to dry?" "No; it's her own hair, on her own head. There she stands in the sun for anyone *who likes to peep through the laurel-bushes* to see her!"

"Terrible!" deplored Joyce. "What an impossible person, drying herself in the sun—straight from her bath just as she is, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; she is dressed," protested Cousin Ursula, "but her hair is not!"

Joyce missed the working party, but she heard later from a horrified Cousin Ursula that the Lily lady did duly go a-sewing that next Wednesday, to the

great embarrassment of the Vicar and the indignation of the other members of the charity gathering. If only she had been plain (much is forgiven to the plain!), but to her Paris-London clothes she had the impertinence to add a pretty face. Monstrous—and in war-time, too!

But that is not all. Some time after, the Hall people—who are, of course, the people of Cramptown—came down from London and gave a big fête in honour of some wounded officers, and what do you think happened? They actually asked the Lily lady to dance for them! Yes, her "body" dancing, with a chiffon scarf, and a belt of beads, and her famous—or infamous—hair down! The "yous" clapped energetically, but the whole province almost died of apoplexy!

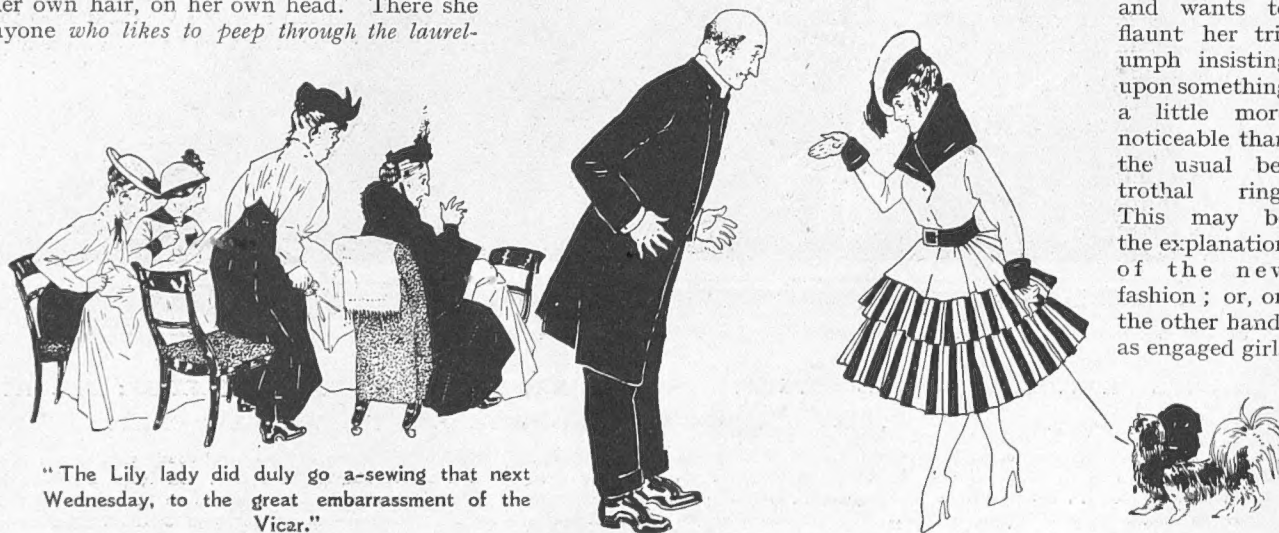
And, apropos of working parties, what is a working party at the Front? Do you sit round a sewing-machine in your dug-outs and stitch shirts, or sew your buttons, or knit socks and discuss the other chaps, and whether or not the Major dyes his hair, while one of you prepares tea and cuts the bread-and-butter? Or are your working parties quite different from ours? One reads of them in the communiqués, but they don't give any details as to the sort of work you are engaged upon. Seriously, you know, I would not be a bit surprised if you could give us points in stitching a patch or making a tuck. Soldier-men, like Sailor-men, are so ingenious and adaptable: see the pretty things the Poilus can make out of fragments of shell—rings, seals, inkstands, pocket-lamps, and what not. I treasure some such relics. Why, so handy are the soldiers that Dolly—a practical little war-bride whose hubby has a *pearl* of an orderly—is seriously thinking of training him (the orderly) into a lady's-maid when the war is over. Tommy is so quick, so obliging; he understands the placing of pins—one finger underneath, pin's head up, twice through, right—as if it were bayonet exercise. He manipulates a clothes-brush as if he had never done anything else, rolls an umbrella to a stick-like slimness, shines boots and laces them up as if his heart were really in the task. After a few lessons in ironing, threading ribbons, and locating hooks-and-eyes, Dolly firmly believes Tommy will replace the average maid advantageously. Of course, Dolly's hubby will have to be consulted—and men are so conservative!

I wonder if the new fashion of having an engagement-ring which has a chain attached and terminates in a bracelet is to indicate the greater importance and kudos attached to getting a fiancé? We are told men are becoming scarcer (there is no evidence of this that I can see); but, if they are, one can understand the young thing who

is just engaged and wants to flaunt her triumph insisting upon something a little more noticeable than the usual betrothal ring. This may be the explanation of the new fashion; or, on the other hand, as engaged girls



"To sigh on one another's shoulder."



"The Lily lady did duly go a-sewing that next Wednesday, to the great embarrassment of the Vicar."



get such a good time with their fiancé's friends, it may be that they are simply emphasising the fact that, by virtue of this ring, they are eligible for a flirtation!

Indeed, many girls are pretending they are engaged when they are not—yet!—so that you may feel more at ease. The knowledge that matrimony is no object helps to establish a pleasant atmosphere of *camaraderie*, that piquant *camaraderie* of man and woman so much more stimulating than banal sentimentality; and then, even fictitious engagements can be broken off when the right moment comes for the right man!

"Deep diplomacy," will you say? Well, but much is kept dark in Love and War! And, the more we like you, the less we like you to think—to suppose—to imagine that we wish to set ourselves at your cap, so to speak! And, apropos—no, of course, not apropos—Ella is down in the dumps, poor dear! She had been expecting a naval officer friend home on leave. She went to a famous dress-maker to get a new frock in which to celebrate his return, and which was intended to impress the big "Blue" you. She got a dinky suit of navy gabardine with patent-leather strappings, decorated with steel studs, just like the heads of nails, and an anchor embroidered on each hip. She meant the suit to be quite complete, evidently! The young man came, and saw, scratched his chin on the steel studs

(however could he do that, Ella? Did the nails jump at his head?), called Ella a "little dread-nought," and—sailed away, I suppose, for Ella did not see him again during his leave. Hard luck! I don't know what to think. If there is a moral to this, which I don't believe, it should be—Don't wear war-time fashions when welcoming warriors! But I say, Ella, why did he call you a "little Dread-nought"? Hum!

I am disturbed in my mind—I can't

"Dolly . . . whose hubby has a pearl of an orderly, is seriously thinking of training him (the orderly) into a lady's-maid when the war is over."

remember which of your Kings died of eating lampreys! Shameful, isn't it? Not to remember, I mean! Of course, I could look it up in that big book of reference over there, but heavy literature isn't good for an invalid—I am getting better, thank you. Why I am thinking of lampreys is because one of yous who is recuperating in the South says that he had a lovely dish of them the other day, and that he had not eaten any for years, and that in England you never get them except near the River Severn. The map to the rescue now—oh dear, oh dear, you'll yet make a frightful blue-stocking of me between yous! It seems that the English way of cooking lampreys is to boil them and serve them in a thick butter-sauce. I suppose our epicurean Camarade got them with olive-oil, and garlic perhaps, in the South! Many of yous, I expect, will come back from France with some interesting recipes. And, while we are gourmandising, now that strawberries are in season (well, but they are for some people and some purses!), why is it that yous on leave are content always to eat them with sugar and cream, and cream and sugar? Why don't you try them *en salade* too—no salt or vinegar, of course, but nice old, warm, red wine? No, I am not forgetting that this is war-time and that yous are all teetotalers (m'yes!); but you must know that sometimes, in cellars, there are some ancient bottles bought before 1914 and whose corks look as if they were not efficient—not honest, sound corks! It would be sheer waste to let that wine get *éventé*! Try it with strawberries. First they are washed, then the star-stems are removed, then into a big bowl with them, finally a dusting of sugar and a bath of wine for them. *Délicieux*!

To A. W. F.—Thank you for your letter. Yes; any decent jeweller will make a badge into a garter-buckle. And may you be satisfied with the final result!

I am glad you are quite better, Bobby, and—such an optimist evidently! What a determination! If all the "Blues" are like you, it's no wonder the British Navy is what it is. Your optimism does deserve what it hopes for, Bobby!

No; I'll never tell you to "stop writing," though you are using such frail envelopes that they collapse on their way to London—it saves the Censor trouble! You don't seem to have a very high opinion of the courtesy and devotion of husbands! You express your doubts as to the probability of the hero in one of my stories lacing up his wife's boots at the back! But, believe me, there are thoughtful, amiable, and lover-like husbands—even towards their

own wife I mean, certainly! The probability of the story rests not only on the temperament and bringing up of hubby, but also on his wife, the shape of her ankle, and on her power to amuse and interest.

My dear "you" from Egypt, I read with a wide grin your description of the fashions at Sheppard's—the focus of modes, I suppose? Did you not know that, at a distance, in the twilight, for a short-sighted man without his spectacles, there is indeed very little difference between the flapper and her grandmother? They go to the same dressmaker, you see. So sorry you should have had a shock.

I notice you sign "Yours till Fashion fades." It's a mighty long allegiance, Camarade! For oceans may evaporate, and mountains may crumble into craters, Kingdoms may come and go, and Empires may follow the crowd—but Fashion will *never* fade! It merely has its fluctuations and metamorphoses.

London is all papered over just now with posters preaching dress economy to women. I forget how they are worded, but their meaning is "A fig for fashion—wear out your old things! Your money is wanted for more important purposes." It is all very proper, and patriotic, and all that; but from some of us it is asking an almost superhuman sacrifice. The women who have a large wardrobe and a clever maid to renovate it are not among the most extravagant ones. They think it rather an amusing experience to don a huge overall and wash dishes or turn out shells. But it is the middle-class girl who is tempted. You see, she has just discovered that she can make money. She no longer sits sadly reading novels, or dusts listlessly the drawing-room of her suburban home, hoping pathetically someone will call to-day! She is no longer dependent on daddy for a meagre dress-allowance. She has found well-paid employment, and, once she has given a big share of her earned money to the Red Cross, she feels entitled to indulge in nice clothes.

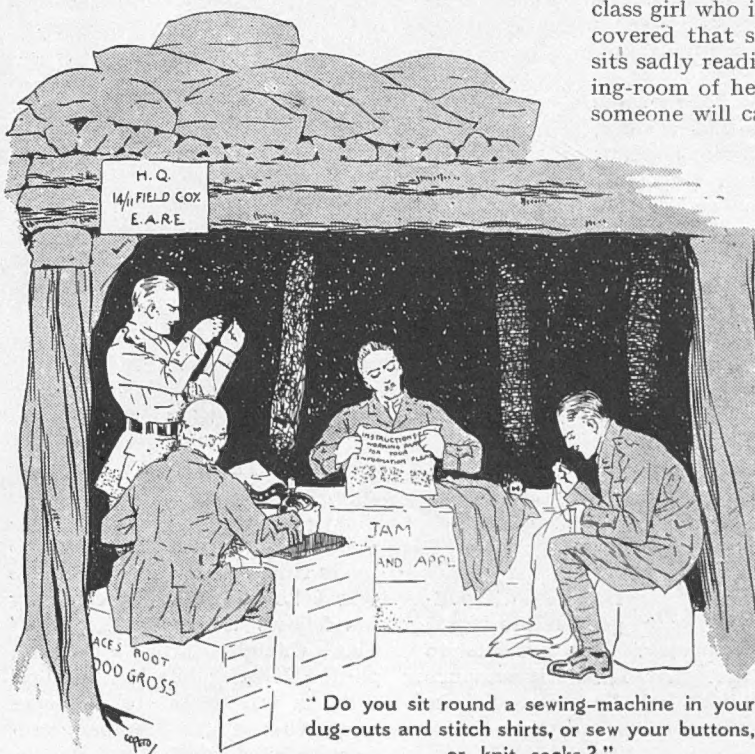
Some masculine saving schemes are funny! Have you heard that the coat-tails of Harrow's students are to be cut short? Close cloth economy—what! *Curtailing*, indeed!

We women have much more ingenious ideas. We buy at Paquin's a little *ciré*, waxed ribbon hat, very simple indeed. We go to our canteen, work hard, feeling the glow of satisfaction that comes from being suitably dressed, and when yous—those of yous on leave or stationed in England—come to fetch us for an impromptu dinner and the music-

hall, we take a huge and beautiful dragon-fly which has been attached to a pin, put it in the hat at a becoming angle, and there we are, quite smart enough so that you need not be ashamed of us!



"She got a dinky suit of navy gabardine with patent-leather strappings, decorated with steel studs, . . . and an anchor embroidered on each hip."



"Do you sit round a sewing-machine in your dug-outs and stitch shirts, or sew your buttons, or knit socks?"



# SMALL TALK

THE Barrie touch is a thing hard to translate, and not a few of the critics seem to lose their tempers in trying to. Is this why Barrie audiences are so much more enthusiastic than the journalists? At the first-night everybody, obviously, was immensely pleased; and yet the papers the next morning for the most part grumbled. It is, one supposes, below the high dignity of the critics to say, "How touching!" but that is what Sir Charles Wyndham was content to say as he left the theatre. He had a right to be sentimental: it was the eve of his wedding, and Miss Mary Moore was also in the audience.

*Buying Encores.* Lady Headfort, of course, and Lady Portarlington, also and equally of course, were among Sir James's first-nighters. They seldom fail on such occasions; but Lady Headfort's long cherry-coloured cloak and her lovely and fantastic wreath were said by good judges to mark a more-than-usual interest in the proceedings. On one side of the footlights, Barrie and Du Maurier and Hilda Trevelyan were all giving of their best; and Lady Headfort, on her side, had never been more picturesque. Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Northcliffe, and Lady Lever were also present; but the real compliment lies in the fact that so many of the first-nighters have since called for encores—at the box-office.

*Poets for Piccadilly.* Miss Asquith and the Baroness d'Erlanger between them are arranging a very interesting programme for their poets' afternoon at the Baroness's house in Piccadilly. Mr. Henry Ainley, who is not a poet, but a very good reader, will be responsible for Rupert Brooke's war-sonnets; and Mr. Laurence Binyon, who is a very good poet but a moderate reader, has been persuaded to deliver some of his own war-verses. Mr. Belloc, who has a voice, and Mr. W. H. Davies, who has not, will also appear; so, too, will Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is emerging more and more from the stuffy retirement of the B.M. Reading Room. The Duchesses have always wanted him for their teas and evenings, and at last they seem to have got him. The days of the long grey ulster and the long black hair are over, and he is becoming quite the smartest of the poets.



TO MARRY MR. JOHN BRUCE BOLITHO: MISS ROSELLE LEMPRIERE. Miss Lempriere is the second daughter of Mr. Reginald Raoul Lempriere, Viscount of Jersey, and Mrs. Lempriere, of Rosel Manor, Jersey. Mr. Bolitho, Devonshire Regiment, is the second son of the late Captain H. A. Bolitho, R.N., and of Mrs. Bolitho, Rockbeare House, Exeter.—[Photo. by Swaine.]



MARRIED TO MISS NORA PARKER: LIEUT. THE HON. FRANCIS O. H. EATON.

Lieutenant Eaton, whose recent marriage to Miss Nora Parker, of Tasmania, has created much interest, is the son and heir of Lord Cheylesmore, and is in the Grenadier Guards.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. SETON MARSHALL HUTCHISON: MISS VIOLET DOROTHY FRANCIS.

Miss Francis, who is leaving England for Sierra Leone, to marry Mr. Seton Hutchison, West India Regiment, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Beaufoy Francis, of The Dell House, Ropley, Hants. Mr. Hutchison is the elder son of Mr. William Marshall Hutchison, of Heronsgate House, Rickmansworth.

Photograph by Bassano.

At No. 139. Baroness d'Erlanger's house is not new to poetry. I do not refer to the fact that Lord Byron once lived in it (what a nuisance those old associations are, save when the need for table-talk is desperate), but to more recent events—to Baroness d'Erlanger's luncheon parties, for instance. She is a woman of taste in more than

three arts; her pictures, her musicians, her furniture, and her poets are all far from dull, and she can boast that she has never once been responsible for a meal at which her guests were unanimously unamusing.



A YOUNG FOLLOWER OF THE EAST WATERFORD HUNT: MISS DAVIS-GOFF.

Miss Davis-Goff is a daughter of Captain Herbert Davis-Goff, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Du Cros Motor-Ambulance Convoy, and heir to Sir William Davis-Goff. Her mother is specially interested in the Waterford Branch of the Irish War Hospital Supply Depot.

Photo. by Poole, Waterford.



TO MARRY MISS SOPHIE KATHLEEN KENNEDY: SIR GEORGE A. D. DUNBAR.

Sir George Dunbar is in the Black Watch. Miss Kennedy is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Benson Kennedy, of New York and Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park.

Photograph by Lafayette.

one of the nicest spots in Westminster—or, maybe, the world.

*Who is He?* Talking of Westminster, its residents were somewhat perturbed by the

speech Mr. Hughes delivered the other day at his old school. Mr. Hughes said that he hoped his audience would not think he had ever been one of those boys who win good-conduct

prizes. "There was a boy—he lives about a hundred yards away—who did receive good-conduct prizes for at least two years running, and if ever there was a boy cordially detested by his fellows that was the boy." One's thoughts turned, of course, to the House; but Mr. Hughes' allusion was meant to be more exact than that; Members cannot be said to "live" in the Commons. At any rate, the old boy who fell so low as to win good-conduct prizes need not take the joke seriously.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ROBERT F. U. PENROSE FITZGERALD: MISS FRANCES WARNE TOWER.

Miss Tower is the daughter of the late Mr. Edmund F. Tower and Mrs. Leicester Gartside Tipping. Lieutenant-Commander Penrose Fitzgerald, R.N., is the eldest son of Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald.

Photograph by Swaine.

*A Guards' Wedding.* Mr. Francis Eaton's marriage with Miss Nora Parker, of Tasmania, came as near to being a secret as any popular Guardsman's marriage in the Guards' Chapel could come. It took a deal of plotting to bring it off so quietly right in the heart of things; but the Guards' Chapel was for many reasons the one and only place for the ceremony. Mr. Eaton's father, Lord Cheylesmore, is himself an old Grenadier, and it was through his regiment that he found his wife—or, strictly speaking, through the misdemeanour of his battalion. It had been banished to Bermuda as a punishment for insubordination, and just when the mess had decided that it was the most penitential spot on earth, the American girl who afterwards became Lady Cheylesmore happened along.

*Home-Leaving.* While Lord Morley gets a cool five thousand from his old acquaintance Lord Armitstead, Lord Gladstone has been left the late Peer's town house in Cleveland Square, St. James's. The two friends had a couple of favourite clubs in common, as well as a preference for the region of London that lies between Westminster and Grosvenor Place, and doubtless the bequest is acceptable enough. Lord Gladstone may well be fastidious in the matter of houses. Born at 12, Downing Street—no abiding home, it is true, but a distinguished one—he lived later on at No. 11 in the same block, and afterwards in Old Queen Street, in Buckingham Gate, and, best of all, in Cowley House in Cowley Street,



## APRONED FOR THE ROYAL TEA-PARTY: "WAITRESSES."



1. THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

2. LADY COKE AND LADY AMY GORDON-LENNOX.

3. THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY; WITH THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE AND LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL.

At Buckingham Palace, on three afternoons of last week, the King and Queen, with their usual thoughtfulness for the wounded, gave tea and a cheery entertainment to many hundreds of wounded soldiers and sailors. Their Majesties moved about among their guests, laughing and talking with some of them, and Prince Albert helped to pour out the tea. A number of well-known Society ladies volunteered to act as waitresses, and donned orthodox aprons for their work. Our illustrations show some

of these ladies arriving, their white aprons showing themselves beneath the rich furs necessitated by the inclement March weather. The tea-tables were arranged in six sections, "captained" by the Grand Duchess George of Russia, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Teck, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Alexander of Teck, and Princess Maud. The entertainment programme contained the names of many clever and popular performers.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot")

## The New Idol.

Mr. Pemberton Billing must be a remarkable person. A few days after he took his seat in the House of Commons as the Member for the Air two things happened. One was a raid on the Kent coast, resulting in a number of little children being killed; the other was a raid on Zeebrugge by sixty-five aeroplanes of the Allies, resulting in much damage, and no loss to our side.

With regard to the raid on the Kent coast his supporters were silent. The Member for the Air, obviously, had no responsibility in connection with that. How should he have? Why, all the world knew that he had only just been returned to Parliament. Absurd to refer to him in any way concerning the Kent Coast Raid!

But when, next day, the news came along of the Zeebrugge Raid, that was another matter altogether. His supporters at once got busy. Here, if you like, was the definite and first result of the return of Mr. Pemberton Billing to the House of Commons! What a glorious triumph for Mr. Pemberton Billing! There were others in the affair, no doubt; there were flying-men, for example; there was probably some small organisation. But away with trifles! Get along to Pemberton-Billing and see what he has to say about it! Quick! "I trust," said Mr. Billing, "that this raid is an intimation from the responsible authorities that the policy of masterly inactivity that has been followed for so many months is over. . . . We may expect rapid developments in our air offensive now."

There's a hint direct for you. Mr. Pemberton Billing must have arranged the Zeebrugge raid. But never forget that he must not be blamed for the enemy's "success" on the Kent coast. That? Well, that just happened.

## The Hun as Beggar.

I wonder who concocts the State appeals for money in Germany? Having read the prospectus of the Fourth War Loan, I see some person in a Government office, with little or no literary training before the War, squaring his elbows, and biting his lips, and covering his face and hands with ink. In England, of course, we are wiser than that. Realising the tremendous effect of official bulletins and pronouncements on the public mind, we invite our trained writers to word the various statements that are issued from time to time. These gentlemen being only too willing to place their services at the disposal of the country without financial reward, all is well and understood of the people.

But in Germany they get this sort of thing—"The incomparable self-sacrifice and heroism of our fathers and brothers have long ago stemmed the tide of the enemy, who invaded our Fatherland and threatened to destroy it; and in their wonderful series of victories in West and East and South [whose?] they have thrown them back [who threw which?] into enemy country, and an iron dam—a living wall of bodies, unconquerable, not to be beaten—protects our lives and possessions. . . . Now is the time to subscribe to the Fourth War Loan!"

The sequence of thought is delightful. But, a little later, there is a reference to the "thousands and thousands out there"—meaning the German soldiery—who "are wanting"!

What are the soldiers wanting? Food? Munitions? Brains? Courage? Leadership? Perish such thoughts! They are wanting the little piles of marks painfully accumulated by the thrift clubs in the small towns and villages of the beloved Fatherland.

## A House-Agent's Diary.

10.30.—Arrived at office. Opened letters. Sent chilling replies.

11.0.—Gentleman called. Asked for house with 'Character.' Replied no such house on our books.

11.15.—Lady called. Inquired for small detached house with pretty garden. Replied no such house on our books. Got rid of her after some difficulty.

11.45.—Lady and gentleman called. Asked for flat with pleasant outlook. Replied no such flat on our books. Both left looking greatly depressed.

12.15.—Went to look over gentleman's house with view to letting. Gave him no hope. Returned to office, whistling.

12.45.—Gentleman called to ask for house with studio, or room convertible into studio. Replied no such house on our books. Gentleman very angry.

1.0.—Hungry. Went to lunch.

2.0.—Not hungry. Returned to office.

2.30.—Awoke from pleasant doze to find lady in the office. Wanted something or other. Replied, sleepily, not on our books.

2.45.—Boss looked in. I tore up five envelopes, new, and flung them savagely into W.P.B. Told Boss things very quiet. Boss left.

3.0.—Gentleman and lady called. Wanted charming house with eleven bedrooms, three bath-rooms, large garden, tennis-lawn, garage. Told them no such places going this time of year.

3.30.—Two ladies called. Wanted maisonette. Must be prettily decorated. Sent them to see old Victorian house in lonely and dark garden.

3.45.—Gentleman called. Wanted Victorian house in secluded garden. Gave him three or four maisonettes.

4.0.—Home. Told wife kept all houses, etc., nice and empty. Wife overjoyed.

"Testing Airmen's Nerves." The Paris correspondent of the *Lancet* describes an apparatus for recording the degree of self-control in beginners in airmanship.

"The candidate is submitted to a violent and unexpected sensation, visual or tactile—a magnesium flash, a detonation, or a douche of ice-cold water." The apparatus registers the tremor of his hand, the acceleration of his respiration, the beating of his heart. "A pilot should remain imperturbable, not only morally, but also physiologically."

I advise the inventor of this apparatus to widen his patent-rights. Why should not the machine be applied in civil as well as military life? Why should it not be made a test of love, of patience, of temper? The prospective husband, for example, might be suddenly and flatly contradicted; should the machine register a tremor of the hand, the acceleration of his respiration, or an extra beat of the heart, the prospective wife would know at once that he was unsuitable for married life.

As for the prospective wife, she would be suddenly confronted with the sight of the prospective husband passionately embracing another lady. If her hand trembled, if her breath came more quickly, if her heart increased its pulsations by a single beat, the engagement to be cancelled.

Provided she passed the first test, however, as she easily might, there would be others. A parlour-maid would destroy her nicest evening-frock before her eyes. A cook would appear, flushed with drink, and hit the prospective wife with the rolling-pin. In the Spartan age that is to descend upon us after the war, such simple tests as I have suggested would not be considered at all severe. Indeed, I am surprised that the beginners in airmanship get off so lightly.

The comic artists, no doubt, will deal with the remainder of the subject.



TO APPEAR IN "HALF-PAST EIGHT":  
MISS YVONNE GRANVILLE.

Miss Granville will be remembered in "Y'a des Jolies Femmes," and as taking Mlle. Delysia's place for a while in "More." She is to be seen in "Half-Past Eight," the new revue, written by Paul Rubens and C. H. Bovill, which is to be produced at the Comedy when "Shell Out" finishes its very successful run at that theatre.—[Photograph by Hoppé.]



## MORALS OF MACKENZIE: WAR ECONOMIES BY WOMEN!



*Who shall say that lovely woman has heeded not the demand for strict economy in dress, when the dears have shed without a single sigh, the backs of their evening gowns —*



*And have gone farther still by substituting the smart but scanty armlet for the sleeves of their silken blouses.*



*Venus, indulging at present in the fashionable silhouette, has pangs of conscience at the reckless extravagance in material these silhouettes entail; so, with true feminine logic, sets matters to rights by insisting that her headgear shall be of infinitesimal proportions.*



*Determined to cut down expenses in all directions, she has sheared off six frills from her too expensive Victorian gowns.*



*In our criticisms of naughty bathing-dress scenes in the revues, do we forget the possibility of the little dears having sacrificed nearly all their clothes on the altar of national economy?*





# THE CLUBMAN

ADEN YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY: WARS AND WORDS: A CHINESE DELICACY.

## The Aden Fighting.

It must have cheered up the Aden garrison very considerably to have had an affair of outposts with the Arabs and to have had the fun of chasing them for some miles, for life at Aden is desperately monotonous, and in the piping times of peace there is more bird-shooting than Arab-shooting to be done on the mainland; and what little fighting does come the way of the garrison is generally monopolised by the Aden Troop, a body of cavalry whose lines are on the narrow neck of land which joins the Aden promontory to the mainland, and who are sometimes called upon to give a helping hand to a friendly tribe when it is fighting an unfriendly tribe and is not sure that the odds are in its favour.

**In the Old Days.** When the British first occupied Aden the Arabs did not acquiesce at all joyfully in the change of ownership, and one can see to this day the loopholed walls that were built to prevent raiding parties from climbing along the rocks at the edge of the sea and doing some throat-cutting in the night. The garrison in those days clustered round the General's house, which is not very far from the landing-place; but the lines of the European regiment are nowadays a mile or so away, near the tanks—the great reservoir for rain-water which drains down from the volcanic crags. I know of no pleasanter contrast, after a dusty drive in the blazing sun, than to go into the cool mess-house, where the closed shutters make a pleasant dimness. There is a little cove near by which is a capital bathing-place, and life at Aden nowadays is not as dreary as it was when a Highland Pipe-Major, seeking a really descriptive name for a "lament" he had composed, thought of "The Barren Rocks of Aden."

## The Last Station.

Regiments nowadays take their turn at Aden just as they do at any other Indian station—for it is in the Indian command, and Indian officers coming home on leave, if they can arrange to have an hour or so of work at Aden, count their days of leave from their departure from this port—but in days gone by one British regiment due for home service was stopped on its way home from India at Aden to serve there for an extra year. The one thought of everyone in this regiment was to get through the year alive, and to save as much money as possible to spend on arrival in England. It occurred, however, to one regiment—the 24th, I think—that there was no reason why they should not play lawn-tennis, and they made some good hard courts. Lawn-tennis led to polo, and now, I believe, Aden lives very much the life of any small Bengal military station. Big-game shooters who have made Aden their starting-place for lion-shooting in Somaliland generally have a good word to say for Aden hospitality and the Aden club; but I fancy that one of the tortures of Aden to the man who is tied down there is

that he sees every week for a few hours joyful souls on their way back to Belati.

## Belati.

has taken root in the British language during this war.

I am amused to see that Tommy Atkins' attempt at the word "Belati"—"Blighty"—the regiments which came from the East to Flanders brought the word with them, and the untravelled Tommy accepted it as being a shorter word than England. "Belati" is used to distinguish anything that was invented in England—"Belati pani" is soda-water; the babus call their patent-leather shoes English ones, and make that an excuse for not taking them off when they enter a sahib's room or his house. "Blighty" is as much like the real word as "Na Poo," another phrase this war has put into every Tommy's mouth—"N'a plus," which the farmer's wife says when she has no eggs or milk to sell.

## Barrack-Room Conversation.

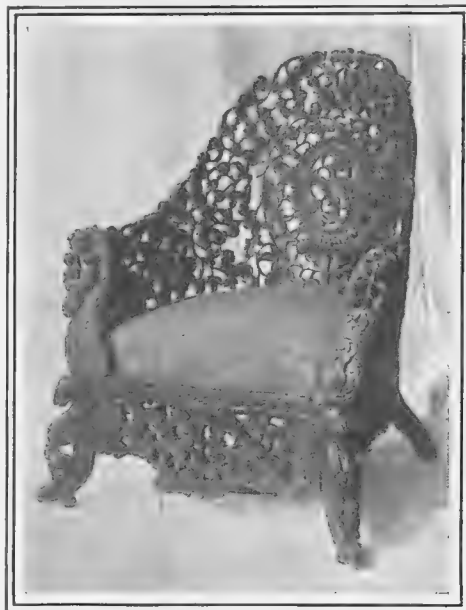
The conversation of the barrack-room is peppered with Hindustani words, for the youngsters very soon pick them up from the old soldiers. A recruit is told to go and do something, and by way of hurrying him up he is told to put a little "jeldi" into it. Bread is always "roti," and anything that is really thorough is "pucca." A good road is a "pucca" road, and a thorough-going idiot is a "pucca" idiot. South Africa did not embed itself very deeply either in barrack-room language or in the ordinary British tongue. "To trek," however, has become quite an English word, and any soldier who has been anywhere near Zululand cries "footsak" to a dog which he wishes to chase away.

"Bosh," taken from the Turkish, and "cigarette," taken from the French, were the two words that the Crimea added to English; and the Chinese "chin chin" came to be recognised as a greeting after our Chinese war.

## Sharks' Fins.

All this, however, has taken me away from the subject of Aden and its dusty heat. The Arab Jews, with curly hair that is bleached almost white, and who have tortoiseshell and sponges and embroideries to sell, always dwell in the memory of anyone who has touched at Aden; and so do the small darkie boys who shout out "Habadive, habadive," and go shooting down into the depths of the deep blue sea after a sixpence or a shilling, taking no notice whatever of the sharks that hang about any big ship hoping that some offal may be thrown overboard. That there are plenty of sharks in and near Aden Bay was powerfully impressed upon me on one voyage when the ship I travelled by took on board a ton or so of dried sharks' fins to be carried to China, for the Chinese esteem this smelly stuff as a

great delicacy. The sharks' fins were put at the bottom of the hold, but their scent pervaded the ship for the rest of the voyage.



A ROYAL "LOT" AT CHRISTIE'S: THEIR MAJESTIES' GIFT FOR THE RED CROSS—A THRONE.

King George and Queen Mary, with their usual generosity, have given to the sale to be held by Christie's for the Red Cross, the richly carved chair which we illustrate. It is 200 years old, and was used as a throne by the Earl of Lytton when he received the homage of the Amirs of Sind at the Durbar, held at Karachee, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

Photograph by Topical.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE RED CROSS SALE: HER MAJESTY'S GIFT—AN ORIENTAL DISH.

The sympathy of Queen Alexandra with the beneficent work of the Red Cross is well known, and a new proof of it has been given by her Majesty's presentation of a beautiful Oriental dish to be sold at the Red Cross Sale at Christie's. The dish is decorated in very characteristic fashion, and was formerly the property of King Edward VII.—[Photograph by Topical.]



## PANTOMIME (MIXED) ON A WARSHIP OFF THE HUSH! COAST.



1. CINDERELLA, DISGUISED AS AN A.B.

4. THE FAIRY-QUEEN.

2. THE BABES.

5. WIDOW TWANKEY AND THE BABES.

3. SINBAD THE SAILOR.

6. BLUEBEARD.

7, 8, and 9. WIDOW TWANKEY.

Not long ago we gave some photographs illustrating the pantomime presented by the Guards at the front. Here are some of a pantomime aboard one of his Majesty's ships somewhere (as the sender puts it) off the Hush! Coast. Evidently, the pantomime was

distinctly mixed from the story point of view; for, as our illustrations show, there were in it Cinderella, the Babes in the Wood, Sinbad the Sailor, Bluebeard, and Widow Twankey of "Aladdin" fame. The "mixture," however, was swallowed with delight.





WHAT a peculiarly civilian sound there is, nowadays, about the civilian invalid's bulletin. "Lord Blank had a restless day, but his injury is less painful," runs a doctor's report. One word therein makes all the difference. We never hear if a wound got in battle is painful, or more painful, or less painful. A soldier is badly wounded, or slightly wounded, or dangerously wounded, but the hurting business is left wholly to the outsider. Even in the privacy of the hospital-ward, "stiff" is the word most generally favoured.

*Margot and the Muse.*

Does Mrs. Asquith keep a scrap-book of the strange and curious things that are written about her—the things, that is to say, that really deserve scrapping? If so, she must have been busy with scissors and paste last week. Of all the comments on her libel case, the neatest, and the most unfair, was the little poem called "The Vindication," in which the point made against her was that she had been proved "innocent of charity." What language that same paper would have used if she had been found guilty of that same virtue! The general opinion, I find, is against a paper that tries to score both ways. But the scrap-book, if there is one, is richer by another verse: it already contains Gladstone's and Mr. William Watson's. Nobody can pretend that Mrs. Asquith is fortunate in her poets.

*Two "Veges."* Before the war Neville Lytton was remarkable for many things, and none of them had the slightest connection with soldiering. He was one of those strange

beings who preferred the nut-cutlets of Eustace Miles's restaurant to the fleshpots of the Ritz, and throve on his preference. Indeed, he so flourished that he was able to wrest the title of amateur tennis champion of England from Eustace Miles himself—a feat no meat-eater had been able to accomplish.

*Morris - Dancer and Major.*

Neville Lytton is, besides, a morris-dancer; and morris-dancers have need of almost as much muscle as much muscle as a champion tennis-players. He has danced Elizabethan gavottes in public, written a book on the art of water-colour, built his own courts and swimming-bath (perhaps the most beautiful in England) at Crabbet Park, and painted portraits of such various people as Adeline Genée and Francis

Neville Lytton could probably bring in two or three hundred men with him if he were given a suitable command that he got his commission. Promotion came rapidly, and when he was wounded the other day in France he held the rank of Major.

*The Lytton Ladies.* All three Lytton ladies stand for a great deal. Many people besides Lord Lytton regard the

Countess as the most beautiful woman of her generation; and we all remember Lady Constance for the gallant way in which she went through the rather grim business of Bow Street and Black Marias and cell-scrubbing. "Grim and ludicrous," she called it herself, but turned her experiences to such good account that Holloway now looks upon her as a reformer rather than a "difficult subject." Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Neville Lytton, is remarkable in many things. The only child of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt and Lady Anne Blunt—who was herself the daughter of Byron's only child, the "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"—she is extraordinarily tall and extraordinarily picturesque, a poetess, a tennis-player—in the real sense of the term—and a champion breeder of toy-dogs.

*24, Park Lane.*

Lady Brassey was at home last week at 24, Park Lane, to a number of people concerned in the Fight for Right Movement. Sir Francis Younghusband and Mr. Clutton-Brock were her two speakers, and her guests were thoroughly enlightened as to the objects of a society to which, on a first glance, we might all claim to belong—quite apart from invitation-cards and five-shilling subscriptions. Mr. Clutton-Brock is a man with much to say; and, unlike most of his famous fellows on the Press, he is more interested in the thing he has to say than in the effect it makes on his audience. I have known him, in the middle of busy days on the *Times*, break off to write an article solely for his own satisfaction—an article so little to the immediate point that the only place for it was, not the compositors' room, but the pigeon-hole. His last book was produced by the Omega workshops in Fitzroy Square, a wild and absurd-looking volume, with Roger Fry written all over the exterior, but sound enough, for all that, inside.

*Mr. Sargent's Going.*

The news has just reached me of Mr. Sargent's decision to leave England. The war, Henry James's death, and a desire to be free of town life are his reasons. He will first go to Boston, then to the heart of the Rockies to paint landscape and sunlight. Although a Royal Academician, Mr. Sargent is not naturalised. When, by the way, is the famous ten-thousand-pound Red Cross portrait to be painted? The first set-back to the proposal occurred, of course, when Sir Hugh Lane went down in the *Lusitania*.



WIFE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA:  
LADY CHELMSFORD.

The Hon. Frederic Ivor Thesiger, elder son of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, has been severely wounded in Mesopotamia. Lady Chelmsford, whose marriage took place in 1894, was the Hon. Frances C. Guest, and is a sister of Lord Wimborne.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*

Thompson that are the best of their kind. At the beginning of the war his offers of service met with the usual disregard at the War Office, and it was only when Colonel Lowther pointed out that



AT SCHOOL IN THIS COUNTRY: PRINCE THEODORE OF BELGIUM (COUNT OF FLANDERS) AS A FOOTBALLER.

Prince Theodore is the younger son of King Albert.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*



FROM FRANCE: A DANCER IN "HONI SOIT . . ."



TO BE SEEN AT THE LONDON PAVILION: Mlle. ANDRÉE D'HERY.

Mlle. d'Hery and her partner, M. Alex Goudin, have met with considerable success in the dancing scenes in "Honi Soit . . ." the very successful revue at the London Pavilion.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry.



## IN "JOYLAND": IDA CRISPI AT THE HIPPODROME.



IN THE PIERROT DANCE AND AS SINGER OF "VERDI PLAYS THE HURDY": MISS IDA CRISPI.

In the latest map of that delightful and inexhaustible country, "Joy-Land," whose "longitude" may be uncertain, and "latitude equally vague," but whose present address is "Hippodrome, London," that *chic* comédienne, Miss Ida Crispi, has some delightful new songs and dances, among them "A Conscientious Objector," and a smart new song, "Verdi plays the Hurdy," which has a novel and amusing chorus

of Savoyards with monkeys, some of which seemed to take a simian, superhuman interest in the audience. Their puckered little faces and peering eyes make a piquant contrast to the charming principal and chorus. Miss Crispi scored well, too, as a Pierrot—a costume which suits her to perfection. The Pierrot Dance, with chorus, is a capital addition to the production.

Photographs by Bassano.



THE HOWLER !



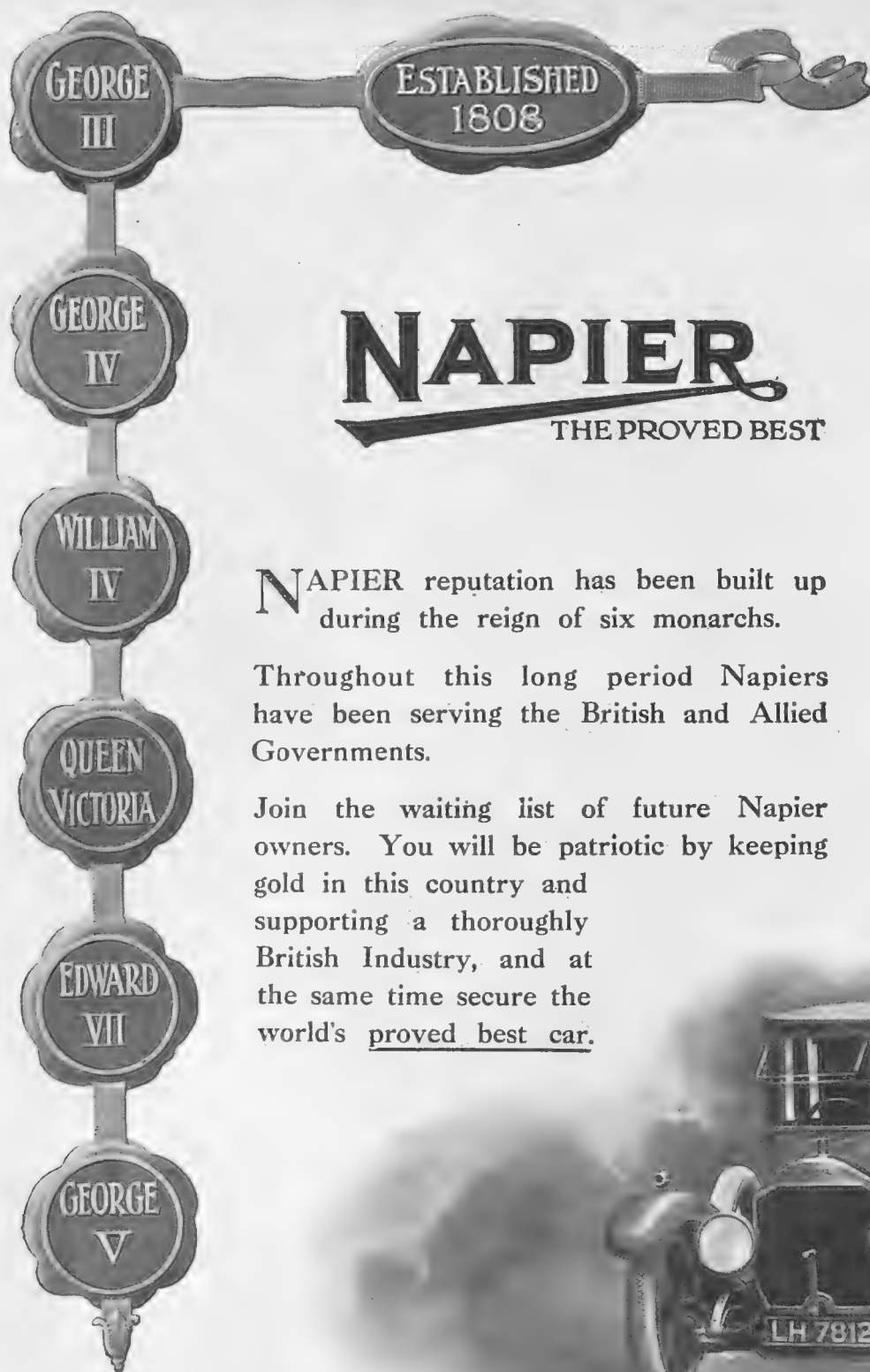
MRS. NOOVO-REESH : We went to the matinée at that new theatre that's just been opened the other day.

HER COMPANION : Indeed ; and what do you think of its acoustic properties ?

MRS. NOOVO-REESH : Well, you know, I thought they were a trifle gaudy myself.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





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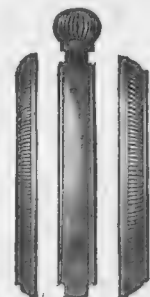
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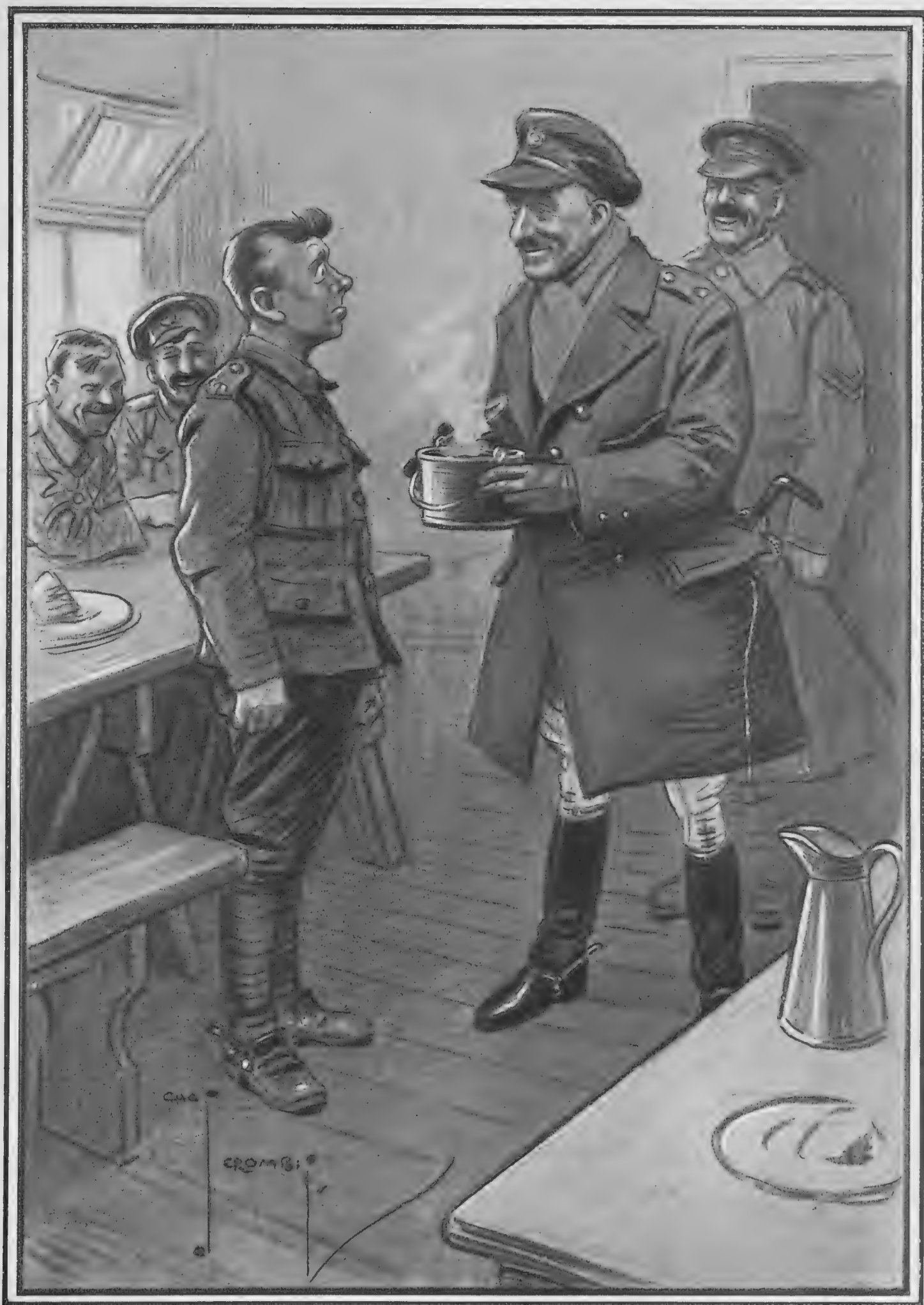
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The Osram-Robertson Lamp  
Works, Hammersmith, London



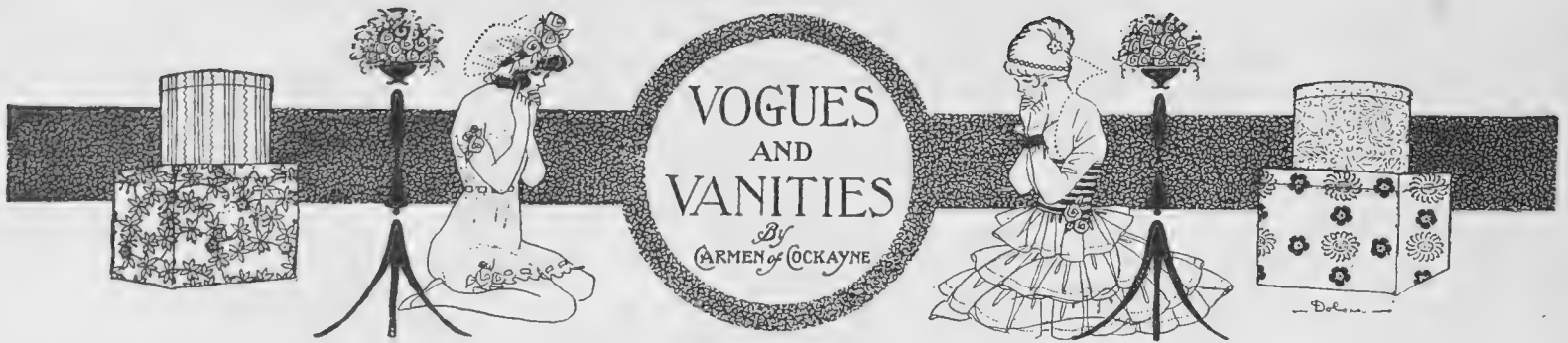
KILLING A GROUSE !



THE OFFICER (*after a complaint*): This tea's all right. What's the complaint?  
 TOMMY: It ain't tea, Sir; it's stoo!  
 THE OFFICER: *And very nice stoo!*

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.





### The Tailor-Made Woman.

The coat and skirt are England's nearest approach to a national costume for women. And very well it becomes them. Considering the prominent position it occupies in the world of dress, it seems impossible to realise that until about thirty years ago women managed to get along without the tailor-made. Nowadays that is a feat which no woman would care to try and accomplish. Fashions may come and fashions may go, but the tailor-made is always with

made as we now know it; in its varying forms, it is suited for wear in town or country.

### The Tailored Trinity.

Broadly speaking, this particular type of dress falls into three groups. There is the sports or country "suit," practical, as befits the times in which we live, with collars and cuffs that can be adjusted and fastened in half-a-dozen different ways to exclude rain and cold, expanding backs that "give" to every movement, handy linings that can be detached at pleasure, and a whole array of serviceable pockets especially designed to meet the diverse needs of the woman who is occupied in one or other of the many outdoor activities in which women are now engaging. Then there is the "town" tailor-made for morning wear. It is somewhat more elaborate, though scarcely less practical, than its country cousin, and fine serges, checked fabrics, and suitings go to the making of a dress which, while it conforms to every fashionable regulation of the moment, has a *cachet* and style peculiar to clothes of this genre. Simple austerity, however, is far from being the only characteristic of the costumes under discussion. The third of the tailored trinity—the three-piece suit—is enjoying a vogue all the more wide because it is suitable alike for indoor or outdoor wear. Like Habbakuk, it is *capable de tout*, combining within itself the useful attributes of the plain tailor-made with the more ornamental qualities associated with the frock that is designed by the dressmaker exclusively for house wear. It may be of cloth, or silk, or a mixture of both—a very popular combination just at present; and the new shiny or waxed taffeta is a material largely used for gowns of this class.



They are fastened with dull metal buttons, and make a point of matching the suit they accompany.

### The Broad-Minded Skirt.

As to the skirt, it enjoys complete immunity from the stricter canons of tailoring, and rustles joyously over the modern equivalent of the hoop and crinoline; is ruched and frilled, and bunched and gathered out of all semblance to the ordinarily accepted idea of *la mode tailleur*. The corsage, like every corsage with any pretensions to *chic*, is, of course, transparent; but the coat, like the skirt, enjoys complete liberty in regard to length and style. No sooner does an examination of half-a-dozen models convince you that a short, straight, loose coat is the one to wear this season than your theory is rudely upset by several tight-fitting little jacket-like creations decked at the waist with an absurd little frilly basque; and these, you are definitely assured, are the cream of the mode. You hastily readjust your ideas, and try and reconcile two apparently opposite and incompatible facts, when yet a third variety claims your attention. It suggests a coat that might have won the favour of a beau in the reign of the second George. Above, it is tightly buttoned. From the waist downwards, it is full and flowing. One thing, however, all three coats have in common—they are comparatively simple in regard to their collar arrangements. But here again things are not always what they seem. Your mannequin appears in a moment or two in a postillion-like coat whose main feature is a succession of frilly capes which fall over the shoulders. *Souvent la mode varie*, but think how dull things would be if she didn't.



Made to crown a tailored suit, this toque of chiffon velvet has wired tulle for lightness and an enamel flower for ornament.



Grey faced-cloth goes to the making of this tailored dress. Hem and pelerine are generously trimmed with striped cloth.

us, simply because there is nothing that can take its place and scarcely an occasion on which it is out of place. Its debut was hardly propitious. To begin with, its severely utilitarian qualities represented too great a departure from the then prevailing notions on women's dress. It was condemned as "mannish" when the term expressed a crime which no "nice" woman would dream of perpetrating; and the fact that its early admirers wore blouses based on the model of a man's shirt, plain stick-up collars, and a real masculine tie lent substance to the accusation.

### From Gauntness to Grace.

It must be admitted that the earliest specimens of the tailored "suit" were very far removed indeed from the examples which the tailor of to-day supplies. The garment whose homespun stiffness and severity screamed emancipation has gone. Its place has been taken by something against which even the warmest advocate of femininity in dress could raise no objection. Of the coat and skirt of to-day it can truly be said that it has all the qualities attributed by the Merry Monarch to one of his Ministers when he said, "The best of Sidney is that he is never in the way and never out of it." That nature of universal applicability is the great virtue of the tailor-



CONSOLATION.



THE TENDER-HEARTED COOK: No bad news, I 'ope, Ma'am?

THE MISTRESS: The Master's been wounded.

THE COOK: There now, Ma'am; don't let that worry you. They tells me they can patch 'em up so's they're better than before.

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE VISION OF THE BLIND.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE "Toughs" picked him up in the last inhabited village behind the trenches. He was standing by the houses facing the road along which they were pressing. As the front files came by he called out, first in French and then in excellent University English—

"*Bon chance*—good luck, Toughs!"

They called back in amiable good temper, chaffing him broadly and humanly, noting nothing strange in him, until blank file in the first platoon cried—

"Lummy! 'Ow does 'e know? 'E's blind."

The tall Frenchman waved his hand. A pleasant but melancholy smile came to his lips. It seemed he had heard blank file's squealing voice even amid the trampling.

"The Downsman's step," he said. "The Downsman's step. No mistaking that."

Puzzling. Those who heard wondered what he was meaning. They swung on, talking about him as they dipped and heaved forward. But the Captain had heard and understood, and, as the Sub was putting the universal query, he answered—

"He *hears* us. Hears us, y'know. That's how he knows. He recognises the Downsman stride."

The Toughs, of course, are nearly all Downsman. Born amid the grand and humpy nakedness of Sussex and Surrey, they had lived so familiarly amid the hills that they had forgotten their existence and significance. The tall Frenchman's words conveyed nothing. But the Sub saw, even as the Captain had seen.

"Phew!" he jerked. "That's pretty acute, eh? Ears like gramophone sound-boxes, eh?"

"He's blind. That quickens a man," said the Captain. "Concentrates all one's perceptions into one faculty. I'm going to talk to him."

Later, both men came along to the meadow where the Toughs had outspanned for grub. They were both walking easily, the Frenchman in no difficulties because of the other's pace. He seemed to sense obstacles—either by their movements when they were animate, or by the echo of his footfall when they were inanimate—with a certainty so remarkable that it seemed miraculous. And as he walked he talked. That was part of the miracle. His hearing had become so subtle that it was almost intuitive, as the action of the eyes is intuitive and can carry on its functions while the brain is concentrated on, say, talking. The "Old Man," standing amid the grouped officers, saw the pair coming. He frowned.

"Who the deuce is Briant bringing along? I don't like civilian strangers coming into mess at these times. Briant ought to know that."

"He's blind, Sir," said the Sub. "He's rather wonderful, you'll find."

"Oh, you know him too," said the Colonel.

By that time the pair were arrived. The Captain introduced the Frenchman with pleasant gravity—even, it seemed, a little guarded in the notes of his voice. The man had been surprising him. In their talk, he had answered the inflections of the voice more often than the words said.

"This is Lieutenant Navré, of the French Army of Alsace. He was wounded in the fight near Altkirch on the tenth of August, 1914."

The Frenchman smiled, and his smile was particularly winning. "It was stupid of me to be hit so early," he said, and his tone accomplished that difficult thing—it put them all at ease with a wounded man immediately—"it has rendered me a 'slacker' for so long a time."

The Colonel was his good friend at once. It touched him to see a man who was, perhaps, even braver as a civilian than he had been as a soldier. The Lieutenant was talking so unconstrainedly to him, so undistractedly indeed, that it was difficult to know that he was blind. And when they disposed themselves on the grass to eat, his movements were so sure and his knowledge of what was going on so certain that they were rather nonplussed. They tried to help him, to find that he was entirely able to look after himself. To them all, the marvel of his hearing quite as much as the marvel of his serene courage was astonishing. He was rarely at fault. They indeed, were more often at fault. It was the Sub, with the ingenuous candour of inordinate youth, who voiced their wonderment. The

Sub had tried to help, and had found himself left, and left rather clumsily.

"Really awf'ly sorry," he said. "You see, I haven't quite grasped yet how clever you are."

A bad moment, perhaps, but the Frenchman was quite charming. "Please do not be—upset," he said. "You are really very kind. But I find—I think I am a little unique of my species." He was quite modest—not bragging, but trying to help the Sub out. "You see," he went on, "I was a musician before—before the Germans began to defend themselves over our border."

All the men were quiet and listening to him now. This, he knew, was the tactful moment for explanation. There was no need for explanation, but the men about him were intrigued by his skill, and courteously eager to hear. He understood. He answered that courtesy with grace, speaking simply, not dwelling on details.

"It was good luck to be a musician, I admit. It had trained me already in—how do I say it?—in the little sounds, in the minor harmonies. You know, Monsieur, though music has a big, a broad effect, that effect is gained by a number of sounds—in a large orchestra sixty, perhaps, or one hundred small sounds. It is usual to know only the blended effect of all these; but a musician, by his training, by his habit too, is able to separate these tiny sounds from the great effect. Even while he is appreciating the beauty of the total he is hearing each of the violins, each of the viols, the horns, even the unnoted tinkle of the triangle." He smiled at them, eager that they should grasp his meaning.

"It is, for instance, the same with the eyes. You look upon a big view, and it is beautiful. But you see every tree, every hedge, every field and house, sometimes every leaf, at the same time quite distinctly. That is the way of my hearing. I have begun to—what you would call specialise in sounds. It is a task quite captivating. It is wonderful. I had a good ear before—but the multitudes of sounds I missed then. I am finding them now, endless and unexpected little sounds in all their microscopic rustlings. And I am understanding all their subtleties, their correlations, their meanings. It is quite wonderful. I had a good ear, I was lucky, and I have had nearly two years' practice." His face was radiant. It was wonderful—only his courage was more wonderful. He had spent nearly two years in darkness listening to tiny and tenuous noises. And he was brave and unbowed. He was too splendid to pity.

"An example," he said. "There is coming towards us an aeroplane. It is probably five miles away now, and it is about 3500 feet up. It is coming north-north-west. Its line is over L—. Can any of you see it?"

They all stared in the direction of L—. There was nothing at all to be seen. In the muffled throb of distant battle, in the nearer clatter of the road, and a whole regiment using its tongue, nothing at all could be heard. For two minutes they looked, and they had already turned to chat again when a sharp eye saw her. Then they all saw her hanging like a midge against the clouds. The Senior Major was on his feet at once, to get the men into cover. But the French Lieutenant stopped him.

"It is all right," he said. "The engine is a Green. It is one of your own machines."

They watched the plane swing through the sky and slide over them. As she crossed an officer picked out the tricolour circles through his glasses. Lieutenant Navré had not made a mistake.

The Colonel congratulated him. "It is wonderful," he said, "But will you let me say it, your—your gift should be very useful. Many times, hearing like yours would be immensely valuable. Why, 'listening-posts' with men like—"

He stopped. Perhaps he had been impertinent.

"Like you, I think I could be valuable," answered the Frenchman simply. "And, more than that, I ask for nothing better than to prove this." He paused, and smiled once more. "But Army Regulations—you have them too, and you know them. I am a wounded fellow—discharged. That is the final verdict. The gate of—patriotism is shut against my ears."

"Surely," said the Captain, "they must recognise the value of your hearing?"

"So I thought, too. But all my offers have been checked. Army Regulations—that is the fiery sword. I offer myself to my

[Continued overleaf.]





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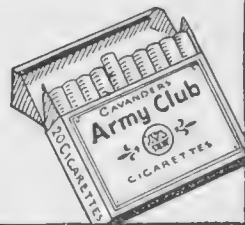
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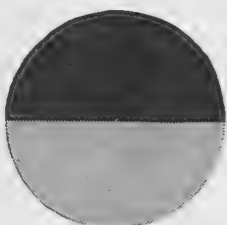
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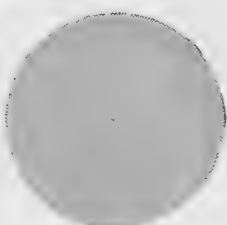
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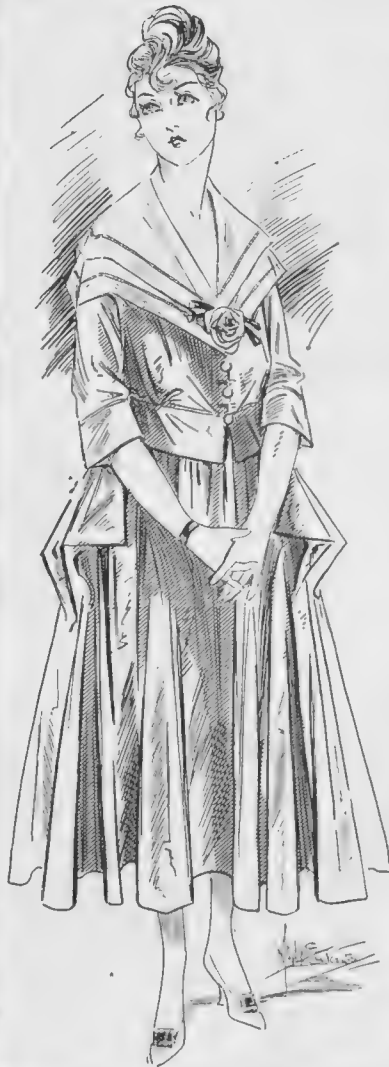
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country—France. Always the doctors know the clauses rejecting blind men too well for me. Even in your country, England, where my convalescence was spent amid the hills (in Sussex—you have guessed, perhaps), they cling to their splendid regulations. I tried them when France had refused me. They admire my pertinacity, but Clause 000231 Section 22 forbids. It is all heartbreaking. In the end I came back to my own village, the place where you found me. I am in despair, but I can hear the sound of the guns. I can hear how things go, well or ill, if I am not allowed to join in." His face turned towards the Colonel. "And yet I am still convinced with you, Sir, that my hearing would have some value in the trenches. Things might be discovered by me when eyes cannot see. I am convinced the experiment should be tried."

The "Toughs" had experienced the sorrow of several surprise rushes in the dark. It was occurring to the Colonel that any of these might have been forestalled by a hearing so acute as the French Lieutenant's. He dallied with the temptation. That was why he was lost.

"I told you this morning that they were being too skilfully 'usual' to be trusted; and I was right," said the French Lieutenant.

The Captain could see, even in the curious luminosity of mixed blackness and Verrey lights, that there was the curious, eager half-smile on his lips that he wore when he was hearing satisfactorily.

"Yes," he said, nodding; "yes, there is a lot of movement among our friends over the way." His head indicated, not the sand-bags to which it was pointing the remarks, but the space beyond the listening-post, and beyond that—the German trenches less than fifty yards away. "I suppose you yourself hear nothing yet?"

"Nothing at all out of the ordinary," said the Captain. "But then—I haven't your ears." He touched the look-out man. "Anything fresh at all, Jones?" he asked.

"Nothin' fresh, Sir—'alf a mo', though, Sir. 'Ere's a star-shell. . . ." The pallid light spread over the sky like a degenerate dawn. Looking up, the Captain could see the curve of the look-out private's head placed cunningly amid the sand-bags. He waited, watching that curve. The light waxed, shone full, and waned. "Nothing fresh, Sir," the man said presently. "Parapets quiet. Little firing away to the right. But quiet 'ere. They've gotter working party out in the wire, I think; but no good strafing 'em. Our party's out too, Sir."

"That party is cutting the wire, not repairing it," the Frenchman said softly. He was sitting upright, away from the bags of the post, the Burberry storm-coat that was to lead the inquisitive to think him a British officer with every right to be here making him look indeed a British officer. Only the alert angle of his head would tell one that he was blind, though it would tell one that he was hearing keenly also. "They are cutting their wire," he repeated; "but they are working the nippers cunningly. It would be hard for you to hear the twang of the recoiling strands, I think."

"I do not hear it at all," said the Captain. And though he knew that he should have heard it in the ordinary way, even against the background of the battle-sound, he trusted the Frenchman by now. "That sounds like an attack."

"I am as certain as I can be they mean to attack. There are so many sounds—all indicating movement, massing."

"Can you gauge it definitely? I mean, the line of massing—that would give us the point from which they will start."

The Frenchman smiled again. "Oh, yes. I think that is quite easy. There are so many sounds—see, I will give them to you as they come to me. It is almost a little symphony—a grim nocturne of battle movement."

He listened. The Captain, looking at him, could not help being thrilled. It was as though he were sitting in the wireless-room of a great liner, and, unseen, unguessed, unheard even, the secret filaments of some immense news were stealing into the receiving-instrument. It was disconcerting, eerie. He watched Navré's face. Save for the little smile, the face was passionless. Navré was speaking.

"The main disturbance is movement—not so much a sound, but a soft tumult in the air. I can sense it rustling up and down, up and down. It is made up of many rustlings—the creaking of harness, the passage of men against revetments, of men against men. I can hear the shuffling of nailed boots in soft mud; they are going softly, but the sound is unmistakable. Then there are the many noises of weapons—clicks, you know, of rifles against earth and against metal fastenings. And there is that sound that I have learned in your trenches—we did not have it in the early days of the war—the clicking of bombs. They are piling them in many places, and as men move I hear these clicks move with them. They are carrying quantities of bombs with them."

"In baskets—that's it," said the Captain. "That's the way they carry them when they are attacking."

"I can hear men walking as though they were carrying heavy parcels. They let those parcels down, quite softly, but I know by their soft sound that those parcels are both heavy and hard. So

I know what they are. They are bringing up ammunition, and a great quantity of it. . . . They are forcing the boxes open also—I can hear the wood breaking. The men who have been shuffling come together in uneasy groups, they break away from the groups, return to the parapets. They are serving out ammunition from the boxes. . . . That sound I am hearing now—they are fitting belts to machine-guns. Without cartridges, they are testing the smooth running of machine-guns. I hear the quick clicking of the firing piece and recoil. You must know where these Maxims are. They are away to my left—not less than eighty yards away."

"I know," said the Captain. "There's a patch they've been bagging rather heavily. We thought they were strengthening a thin place. . . . The machine-guns will catch us badly on enfilade if they break down our main curve. Please go on, Monsieur Navré."

"Now the main line of the massing. The men are pouring into the trench in three big chains—the support trenches, of course." ("We know of three," said the Captain.) "I can hear the sounds of these like three rivers, passing back in a thinning perspective of noise. But the noise always comes; from vagueness to strength it continues unceasing, so their massing is big—it goes on and on. The greatest sound of moving men is at the nearest end of these three lines. And the sound deepens—it deepens every minute. It has, even, the sound of congestion. Movements packed tight, small, hushed voices speaking close up against other, tiny secret voices. Yes, the trenches are full. . . . And of all this depth of noise, there is one part where the depth is deepest. It is—I must be sure—it is to the right centre here. Sixty yards away . . . is there a redoubt there?—the noise echoes and re-echoes from walls of sand-bags."

The Captain felt numb, almost, before this unfaltering recital. But he answered quietly, "You are perfectly right. The redoubt is there. I would not have thought they would attack from there; it is a cruel line for them; only—only it is the place where our parapet is weakest. Wet soil—we have had difficulty in keeping the breastworks shored up. A bad line for them—but the easiest way to get in once they have got across."

"They intend to gain that advantage by surprise—a rush."

"Of course. And trust them for knowing joints in our armour. If it had not been for you—"

"It is my joy to serve," said the Frenchman; and, quickly, "I would pass the word to your batteries, Captain. I can hear the heels of the ladders scraping in the mud and against the walls of bags—ah, and there is their first shell."

The first shell of the German bracket screamed through the veils of the night, and burst redly amid the wire before the British trench. The second followed swiftly, landing well over the parapets. Then—the British batteries began to open. The German shelling began to pile up, but the British gunning came out after it, built up with a swiftness more burning. The Captain had scrambled back to the trench, and the Forward Observation Officer had sent his precise instructions over the wire—instructions quite particular about the redoubt, and the ever-filled supports, and the new and secret machine-gun placement into the bargain. The first fall of German shells on the sand-bags only preceded a smashing British reply by seconds. And the reply went on with rapidly increasing ferocity until it became obvious that in the matter of both question and reply our men had all the talking.

The "Toughs" had a bad time. The German artillery officer knows his business thoroughly, and the manned trenches were cruelly plastered. But, bad though their time was, the German trenches must have been infernal. The batteries got their line at once, and shells of all calibres and fashions punched and slashed deep into the congested works. The redoubt, with its throng of close-packed troops, must have been charnel. The fat and flowing lines of supports must have been ghastly. . . . they saw the cartridge-stores going sky-high at the new machine-gun position, so they knew how the Germans felt there. A maze of shelling drenched and shattered the Germans. Their line must have been infernal.

The enemy did attempt one rush. A thick, packing thing driven from the redoubt to the weak patch in the "Toughs" line, even as Navré had foretold. But the place was only weak under surprise—with the troops alert it was lethal. The first line melted, the second charge melted, the third never really got across the German parapets. A rush or two was tried from other points. But the British were too awake. The rushes ended in annihilation. But all these rushes told of a big attack planned—a big attack that had been shattered, by luck and a pair of exquisite ears.

It was the first and last attack those ears would discover, alas! Navré was brought in from the front before the attack was half through. This time there was no half-mercy about his wound. The Captain nearly cried when he saw the Frenchman. Pity, and more than pity, was in him. He was cursing himself for not bringing him in from the "post." But Navré only smiled.

"Please do not be—upset," he said in his charming way. "Remember, it has been a joy to serve—if only once. . . . And, and we have—let me say, my ears have beaten them. I can hear—by the sound they are already beaten. . . ."

Before he could know the truth of that in fact he was dead.

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150—12/9

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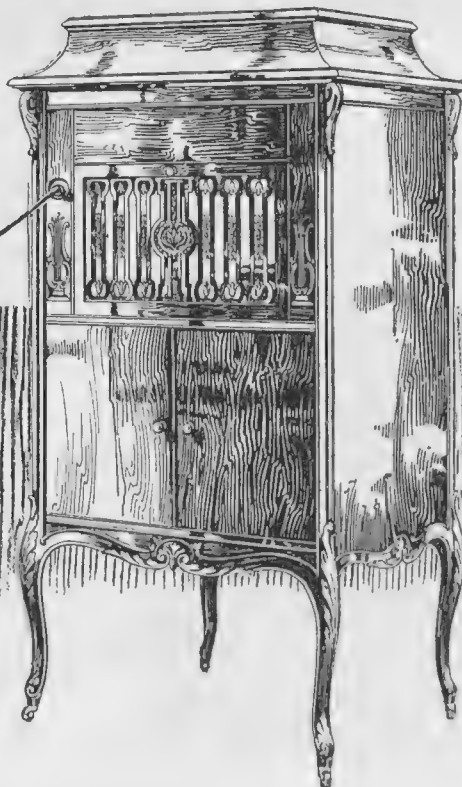
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*Call at Aeolian Hall  
and hear your favourite  
music on the Aeolian-  
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Catalogue 5.*

## WOMAN'S WAYS

## The Amazing War.

When the secrets of this war are revealed—if they ever are revealed—there will be an opportunity for a literary genius of the *macabre* order which has never been approached. No one who has ever read Gerhardt Hauptmann's novel "*Atlantis*," with the description of a great Atlantic liner and its passengers at the bottom of the ocean, can think of the *Lusitania* without horror. It is a singular coincidence that the compatriots of this fine writer should have themselves perpetrated a crime which outdoes his work of imagination, for the *Atlantis* sinks as the *Titanic* sank. The stories of the submarines will be strange and awful; while the aeroplanes will demand a whole school of fiction to themselves. We read every now and then of a transport sunk, of a battle-ship destroyed, of a trench full of soldiers buried by bombardment. We have grown so used to horrors now that we hardly realise their significance as we read; and this is all to the good, for it serves no purpose to dwell on them, and courage and cheerfulness are assets to the Allies which cannot be overestimated. But I have no doubt that the war will produce writers of the first order who will have the most amazing material which has ever been available for the author's craft. When a monster, soulless machine like a military system is once set going, it catches the most innocent within its octopus arms; and this, I think, is the secret antipathy entertained towards it by so individualistic a nation as the English.

## The Morals of Gretchen.

According to an English professor who has lived many years in Germany, the morals of Gretchen are sadly to seek. And this is not only the case among the servant and factory-hand class, but among the *bourgeoisie* and upper classes. A *Verhältniss* with a dashing subaltern or a pushing bureaucrat is smiled upon indulgently in the plush-covered Hunnish home. Blue eyes and pink cheeks are often the mask of the most turbulent emotions and flighty conduct. Indeed, one has only to glance at the modern German or Austrian novel or play to see that Gretchen has long ago determined to do as she pleases. She does not demand the vote, for the vote means nothing in Prussianised Germany; but, being a healthy young person with superfluous energies, she sees to it that parental restraint is at a minimum. It is significant that the public activity of German women of late years has been almost entirely directed towards the recognition and betterment of the condition of illegitimate children.

**Kindly Comedians.** Actors and actresses, serious and comic, of drama or revue will soon be among the victims of the war, so unceasing are the efforts of these kindly folk to aid all the funds, charities, flag-days with their talent, their personalities, and their charm. Yet all the time they are playing arduous parts at the theatre night and day. Sundays are always devoted to performances in aid of canteens, ambulances, huts, or hospitals, so that one wonders when they ever have a rest or if they can go on for ever? But, curiously enough, the great comic stars of the music-hall are not seen at these charitable functions; it may be that, like the peerless prima-donnas of Covent Garden, they are under contract never to be heard "off" their particular boards. Some, it is understood, earn the salaries of Cabinet Ministers; doubtless they give in cheques what they are debarred from doing in person. I see that the poets are to be requisitioned for works of war, but only a small and eclectic audience would prefer a reading by a minor poet to an imitation of Henry Ainley by Nelson Keys.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## "La Nurse."

Modern Rumania, the Sphinx of the Near East, is not the theme of these letters, written by Millie Ormonde to her cousin, Edmund Talbot, Squire of Talwood, Devonshire, when she was "La Nurse" to a Bucharest family—Jewish—in the days of the late King Charles. That is nothing against them: on the contrary, it lends them a certain mild piquancy and familiarity they might not have. With the purely domestic side, we have not space to deal.

## "Popes"; Dress; Titles.

First, then, as to the local priests, or popes. Here is a word-picture of one of them. "He wears a long and dirty robe—I can't tell whether it is meant to be black or brown—and white stockings, generally falling over his low shoes; his dirty hair is rolled in a bun at the nape of his neck, and he wears a black hat like an inverted muff." This in a country where, to the Northerner, all the People seem in fancy-dress. "The upper 'succles' get their garments from Paris and dress uncommonly well." To this may be added the note: "By the way, they are very democratic here; all titles, save those of the Royal family, are forbidden."

## Cabs; and Signs.

Carriages are of a mixed order, too, as they are at most places. "The public Victorias are generally excellently horsed; the coachman holds a rein in each hand and drives after the manner of Jehu; he does not slacken speed at a corner, but whirls round it after giving a warning bowl, which startles his fare more effectually than it warns the passer-by. . . . We give no directions when we mount the cab, but pull the left and right ends of the sash to signify which way we wish to turn." The sash in question is round the waist of the driver. During the drive may be seen signs recalling those of the old merchants of London, but, seemingly, used haphazard—doubtless "inherited" with the shop, however many trades it has housed. "One that we frequent has a padlock and chain, 'La Lant,' as a sign. I can't make out why, as we buy buttons, tapes, needles, gloves, stockings, and such-like small things there."

## The Queen.

So, to the present Queen—then Crown Princess. "There is an English service held in a big hall in the Lutheran school all the winter and spring. . . . The Crown

Princess generally comes; two chairs and a piece of crimson carpet are always put ready for her and her lady-in-waiting. It is a pleasure to see her; she is so pretty and well dressed, and her church deportment most edifying."

## A Saint; and a Funeral.

Two more points. "It seems that Saint Dimitri has command over the weather; when rain is wanted, his coffin is carried in great state round the city. If, perchance, like Baal of old, he sleepeth, or is engaged elsewhere and no rain follows, several relics of other saints are dragged round with him; the pope told us that their combined efforts never fail." Writing of coffins: "We met a funeral, a gorgeous one. . . . Two men rode in front, dressed in black, with cock's feathers streaming from their hats; they carried lamps draped in crape. The hearse was also draped in black and decorated with enormous artificial wreaths. In the first two carriages sat six or seven popes dressed in gorgeous raiment; the rest were filled with mourners. The coffin had a top-hat on it to show it contained the body of a man; when a woman is buried a piece of a dress is left hanging out."

"Domestic Life in Rumania." By Dorothea Kirke. (John Lane; 5s. net.)



APPEARING AS VERA GAY IN "FOLLOW THE CROWD,"  
AT THE EMPIRE: MISS BLANCHE TOMLIN.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



# The Regent St House of PETER ROBINSON LTD.

LONDON, W.

## R. S. "RHYL" (as sketch)

Practical Coat and Skirt in  
Aberdare Cord, perfectly  
cut and tailored. Available  
in navy, nigger, putty, fawn,  
stone, dark saxe and  
black. Two sizes. 98/6



## Tailor Suits for the Spring

AT a time like this extreme Styles and extravagant  
garments are rightly taboo—but that does not  
justify dowdiness. It is the privilege and duty of every woman  
to look her smartest, and she can do so and still practise the  
truest economy by purchasing her New Spring Gowns and  
Hats at the REGENT STREET House of PETER  
ROBINSON. The goods now offered in every Section of  
this House will be found to combine distinctive Style with practicalness  
and economic price. Note the example in Tailor Suits pictured above.

The Regent St House of Peter Robinson

## EASTER BLOUSE COATS

Specially designed to meet  
the present demand for  
refined and dainty, but  
useful garments at a really  
moderate price. This blouse  
coat is particularly attrac-  
tive, and is equally suitable  
both for indoor and outdoor  
wear. It is made in good  
quality Crêpe - de - Chine,  
finely pleated, with belt of  
crêpe. Can be worn either  
open or closed. Stocked in  
black, white, champagne,  
sand, putty, mastic, flesh  
pink, old rose, navy and  
saxe blue.

PRICE

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Actual value, 42/-

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Wigmore Street,  
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Famous for over a Century  
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## DAINTY LINGERIE at Popular Prices -

designed by our own artists and made  
by our own workers from materials  
that can be relied on to stand more  
than average wear. The garments  
illustrated are examples of the value  
to be found in our Lingerie Section.



New Skirt Knickers, as  
sketch, very full and wide,  
scalloped with elastic waist,  
in taffeta or heavy crêpe-de-  
chine.

Price 25/9

Cache Corset, in taffeta or  
crêpe-de-chine with fancy  
ribbon shoulder straps  
finished bouquet. Either  
garment can be had in ivory,  
sky, pink, lemon, black and  
heliotrope.

Price 7/6

Boudoir Cap in fine spot net,  
finished knitted frills and silk  
roses.

Price 12/9

Fancy Garters from 3/11

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SNELGROVE**

LIMITED

VERE STREET and OXFORD STREET  
LONDON

and at

SCARBOROUGH LEEDS  
YORK HARROGATE



# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Bad Form in Dress.

The posters on the above subject are an example of a way to waste public money. Women worthy the name want no such advice, and they deeply resent it. If there are a few of us who have the brains of butterflies and the hearts of birds, this kind of thing will not affect them at all. For the others, who are putting their every ounce into helping to win the war, it is gratuitous insult. Leaders in the fashionable world are mostly to be found in hospital uniform, or in dark dresses and check cotton aprons in stores of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John, or in cap and apron at war supply depôts, or at buffets for soldiers, or canteens for munition workers. They do not want very many or very showy new clothes, but most of them are far from forgetful of their dressmakers. Many an officer at the front has his shirts and pyjamas and ties made by his womenkind's dressmakers, and beautifully made too. By this kind thought, modistes have been able to carry on, pay rates and taxes, and keep some employees. The thing is very complicated, but women have done their best, and are continuing steadily to do it—working, saving, and thinking of others. To them these posters of little homilies from a committee of men are either irritating or amusing according to temperament; to others they are actually an incentive to buy new clothes; and the rest ignore and go their way. I suppose the officials who compose these bits of unnecessary advice are unpaid, but the printing and posting are wasting money. Why not save it and help to keep the married men's homes going when they are called out to fight?

**British and Best.** "Lista" is "It" in silks for shirts, blouses, and pyjamas; there is no doubt about it. The Manningham Mills, which cover some twenty-eight acres and employ four thousand persons, are a sight standing on high ground to the north of Bradford. There are other mills at Addingham, near Skipton, and at Attleborough, Warwickshire, and these are all centres and homes of spun silk. They belong to Lister and Co., whose name stands supreme for certain products. The washing-silk called Lista is an ideal fabric. It is silky-soft, quite hygienic, British made,

and is warm and wears splendidly, and does not lose its lustre in the laundry. It is in plain colours and stripes. I have studied a large variety of patterns, and find in each one a great charm; the stripes are of different groupings and many colourings, and the self colours are in lovely shades. There is also a Lista khaki shirting which officers completely approve of for their warm-weather shirts. For blouses these silks are lovely—there is quite a special style about them; and for pyjamas, either for men or women, they are most luxurious and pretty. Outfitters should always be asked for patterns, and "Lista" will be found woven on the selvedge of those that are British and beautiful.

**Inflated.** Are our skirts to be inflated artificially? A very authoritative creator says that everything

A DAINY BLOUSE IN THE LASTING LUSTRE OF "LISTA" SILK.

points that way, and that, when war is over and we can take notice of frivolous fashion again, we shall find that the lady has decreed wide and distended skirts. "Crinoline," I murmured. "Oh dear,

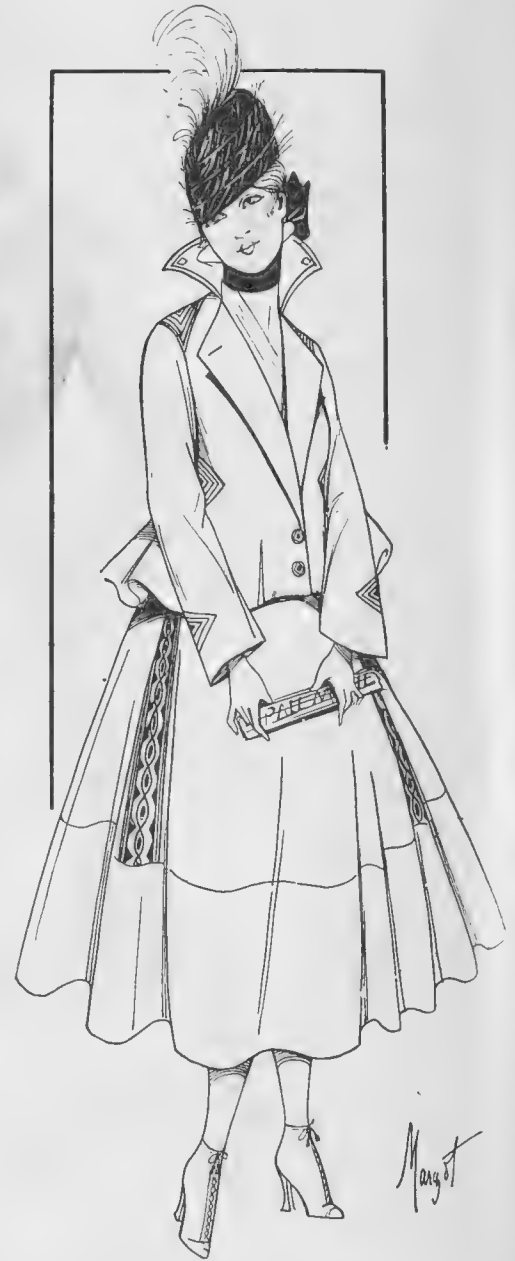
no; nothing so crude as that—something volatile, ethereal, floating, and fascinating." Well, all will be forgiven if the last is true; but when I think of smart motor-cars and crowded public conveyances I shudder at possible inconveniences. I certainly did see tentative dress-improvers the other day; there was a distinct bustle-like effect in some Paris models. Once in the days of long ago, when a great daily journal began to concern itself with women's frocks, a cryptic sentence appeared to the effect that the Countess of P. and Lady R. Z. had worn brown dress-improvers! What was meant no one had the remotest idea. The two ladies in question, however, were mercilessly chaffed when they innocently said they wore brown race-coats.

## Prince Albert of Monaco

Was said to be the next Prince whom the Kaiser would favour with an ultimatum. His Serene Highness does not seem at all discomposed by the idea, but has set himself to the succour of the sick and wounded energetically and resolutely. Recently he held a State performance in aid of the Star and Garter British Women's Hospital and the Croix Rouge at the Opera House of his Principality. He accepted the co-operation of a committee composed of Lord Bertie of Thame, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M. Gaston Fabre, M. Vianes, Mr. J. Wiseman Keogh (all connected with diplomacy and the Red Cross and Order of St. John), and a sub-committee on which Lord and Lady Bateman, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. B. Biddle, Mme. de Bittencourt, Lady Watts, Sir George Donaldson, and others served. The performance was a great success; every seat was filled, and the Prince was able to place at the disposal of the funds ten thousand francs. The weather at Monte Carlo is, as usual, ideal; and, as usual, is restoring to health thousands of those wounded or otherwise affected by the national crises of so many countries.

## What to Give.

In these days of war-weddings it is often a little difficult to know what presents to give. I was with a friend in this difficulty the other day when I had an inspiration. "Debenham and Freebody's antique gallery," said I. "The very place, most wise young counsellor," said he, and off we went to Wigmore Street. We found the antiques, now delightfully set out in a fine gallery on the third floor, and soon encountered another difficulty in an embarrassment of riches. The idea was a gift easily portable or easily stored. We looked at the most fascinatingly decorative Stuart needlework pictures, at similar works of art—for such they are—of the Georgian and early Victorian days when women had little else to do. Our fancy was caught by beautiful pieces of Greek and Sicilian lace suitable for table-cloths, sideboard-cloths, and panels; there were dear little swinging mirrors with old embroidery on the reverse side; there were lovely old bead-work, antique jewellery, small screen-tables with needlework tops, samplers (one dating from 1671), dear little bits of brocade, Chinese embroidered coats to make into evening wraps—a thousand-and-one individual, uncommon, and delightful presents. Said my man friend, "By Jove, we've struck oil," and he purchased not only for the bride of the hour, but for others of future days.



A DISTINCTIVE TAILOR-MADE.

This attractive model is carried out in navy-blue gabardine, generously braided in red-brick colour. Note the suede boots finishing just above the ankle.





## INEXPENSIVE SHIRTS

**A**LL our tailor shirts are our own exclusive productions. They are exceptionally well cut from really dependable materials. They entirely fill the present demand for practical and becoming shirts at a particularly moderate price.

Practical Sports Shirt, in striped washing crepe de chine. Collar, revers and cuffs are turned out in white. Stocked in a variety of coloured stripes. Sizes 13½ to 15 inches.

Price 21/9

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**JAYS LTD.** are showing a large stock of Knitted Silk and Wool Coats in the latest fashionable shapes and shades suitable for all kinds of Sports and also for indoor and outdoor wear.

There is at present a marked demand for Sports Coats suitable for indoor wear, similar to the garment illustrated.

*Jays Ltd*  
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An elegant Sports Coat in fine quality Spun Silk, with the new Buckle Belt, as illustrated. May be had in a number of different colours ... at **52/6**

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The fashion for short, wide skirts necessitates the wearing of smart Hosiery. Jays' are now offering the latest idea in Heavy Wool Hose in mixed checks for Golf or Shooting **8/6** per pair

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ECONOMICAL IN USE.  
GIVES an INCOMPARABLE  
WHITENESS to the TEETH.  
ANTISEPTIC, containing  
neither Acid nor Grit.

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## INEXPENSIVE REST GOWNS

Suitable for all manner of occasions. Designed by our own artists and made in our own work-rooms from rich quality materials. The value of these gowns is quite exceptional, while the cut, style, and finish is of a particularly high order.

**Refined Rest Gown (as sketch)**, in rich heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, with new full skirt, finished at back with sash effect, and full bodice, fronts trimmed with lace and finished fancy ribbon and flower made of Crêpe, new double chiffon sleeve. In black and a large range of colours.

Price

**3½ Gns.**

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Famous for over a Century  
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

SOME INSTRUCTIVE STATISTICS : PLEASURE - MOTORING PIFFLE : WHEELS AND WOE.

## Petrol : Some Striking Figures.

Definite facts are the only safe basis for deductions and argument upon any problem of the day, and in this connection the latest figures as to the use of petrol in the United Kingdom are as instructive as they are remarkable. For January and February of the present year, the imports of motor spirit amounted to 14,507,656 gallons, to the value of £597,650. Twelve months previously the figures were 15,020,998 gallons and £511,563; while in the corresponding period of 1914 they stood at 14,731,708 gallons and £532,870. From this it will be seen that, notwithstanding the colossal quantities of motor spirit required for Government purposes, the amount imported in 1916 is actually less than it was two years ago—that is, before the war. Ordinary motoring, therefore, as we understood it in peace time, has plainly been diminished to the extent of the whole volume of Army and other official use of cars and spirit, instead of the latter going to swell the total to a stupendous degree. The main difference in respect of the actual imports of petrol is that it is now delivered at the Port of London at 9'88d. per gallon for "cost, insurance, and freight" as compared with 9'05d. in 1913, 8'67d. in 1914, and 8'71d. for 1915. These actual figures, equally with those quoted above, are of practical interest, and show us exactly how we stand in respect of the much-discussed problem of freight, so far as cost alone is concerned; and inasmuch as we were paying only 1s. 3d. per gallon for petrol in 1913, it is not easy to see why the price should have been increased to 2s. 6d. per gallon by the importers from America, when the only

of motor-vehicles for purely pleasure purposes, but that the great majority of owners have done, and are doing, invaluable work in connection with the war by transporting the wounded, and in other ways, entirely voluntarily. The evidence which the Committee will, in due course, be prepared to produce is overwhelming, and leaves no room for doubt as to the good purposes to which motor-vehicles are being put. On the question of "millions of money" being saved if pleasure motoring were stopped, the evidence of motor-car agents and repairers in every part of the country shows that it would produce no appreciable effect upon their business; in other words, it is already a negligible quantity. Attention is also called to the immense saving of public money which has been effected by the services of car-owners in carrying wounded from the ambulance trains to the hospitals, and by other gratuitous assistance freely given to the naval, military, and police authorities. If this assistance were withheld, a large expenditure would be necessary



TO WORK FOR THE MESOPOTAMIA FORCE : A MOTOR AMBULANCE - LAUNCH PRESENTED BY BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

to set up and maintain these services, even if it were found possible to procure drivers for the cars.

**The Care of Detachable Wheels.** According to the advice of a motoring weekly, it is highly desirable for owners of detachable wheels to ensure that they are kept tight on their hubs. "Many a car is ruined," it is alleged, "by allowing play, between inner hub and wheel, to grow to alarming dimensions." It may be that there are certain tyros about who are foolish enough to neglect a precaution which should be obvious enough, for the average wheel in a condition of such looseness would indicate the fault by rattling. What is much more to the point, however, in respect of detachable wheels is the trouble they are likely to cause not through being too slack, but too tight! If a long immunity from puncture be enjoyed, and the car-owner does not take the trouble to remove the wheels until his speedometer tells him that it is time to renew the grease in the hub-caps, the chances are that he will find the wheel sticking firmly to its barrel.

**A Necessary Precaution.** Too much care, in fact, can hardly be exercised under this heading, particularly in wet weather. Not only should the barrel hub be well coated with a mixture of oil and graphite when the wheel is replaced, but the latter should be removed for inspection at frequent intervals, from precaution-

ary motives. It is impossible to fix a standard limit, either of time or distance. I have known detachable wheels to remain untouched for many weeks, and come off quite easily when wanted; but, on the other hand, I have a lively recollection of being in difficulties in a most unexpected way. On one occasion I removed all four wheels of my car solely for the purpose of applying lubricant to the hubs. A fortnight later I wanted to change a tyre, but found the wheel absolutely irremovable by ordinary means, a drop or two of water having contrived to find its way in and so formed an unholy connection of rust. From this it is clear that one cannot be too sanguine in this respect, and that, though the wheels may run anything up to 2000 miles and still come off easily, there is a lurking possibility of their binding in a very much shorter period.



DEDICATING MOTOR AMBULANCE-LAUNCHES FOR USE BY THE MESOPOTAMIA FORCE : THE SUFFRAGAN-BISHOP OF BUCKINGHAM.

The Buckinghamshire Branch of the British Red Cross Society has presented three motor ambulance-launches for service in connection with the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force. They were dedicated at Eton the other day by the Right Rev. Edward Domett Shaw, the Suffragan-Bishop of Buckingham. In this photograph are seen, in addition to the Bishop, Lord Lincolnshire; Lady Bury; Princess Alexander of Teck, who accepted the launches on behalf of the British Red Cross Society; and the Rev. the Hon. Edward Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton.

Photographs by C.N.

difference, save for an increase of duty, is '83 of a penny per gallon in "c.i.f." charges.

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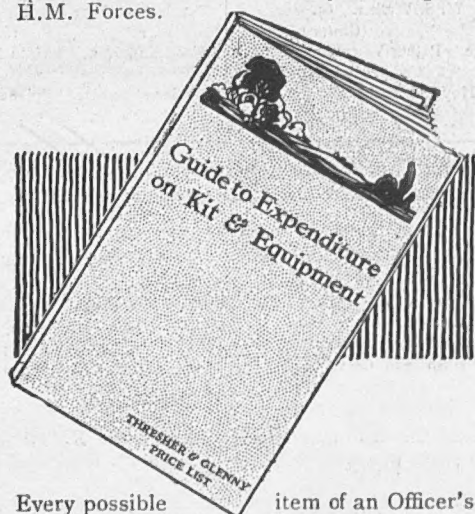
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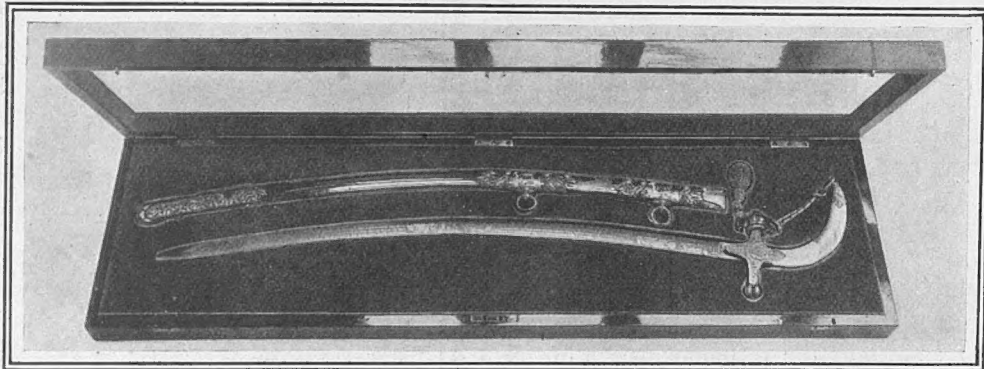
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

**M**R. WALTER HACKETT, author of "The Barton Case," now given at the Savoy, is a daring wag who played tricks upon the audience. He gave us a strongly written scene of jealousy and murder, in which Mr. H. V. Esmond acted with much power; and suddenly we found out that the scene was supposed to be merely a dream. He caused us during most of the play to suspect that Miss Jessie Winter had committed the Barton murder, and also been guilty of other improprieties; whereas she was a model of self-sacrificing virtue. He left us uncertain whether Beverley, the "medium," was wholly a humbug or supposed really to possess and exhibit some supernatural power, and he induced this simple-minded scribe at one time to fancy that the charlatan was merely a detective. I don't like being puzzled and bewildered, and I object to practical jokes at my expense by a dramatist, jokes necessarily exploded after the first night, when the elaborate mystification ceases because the truth is told in the papers. And I don't like such a violent mixture of farce and serious murder drama as we had at the Savoy.

Still, I admit that some of the scenes are really powerful and some quite funny, and the audience seemed to like being "spoofed." Also it revelled in the Beverley of Mr. H. B. Irving, who presented a truly comic picture of the impudent, greedy, bibulous charlatan, and yet contrived a strong note of horror when he gave a sham clairvoyance scene of the murder and played the part of victim. Altogether a very grim and very amusing creature who rather overshadowed the rest, and gave us one of the two genuine thrills of the evening, as well as most of the laughter. Still, Mr. Holman Clark managed to be very funny as an absurd professor,



A SWORD FOR PRESENTATION TO GENERAL BOTHA: "A TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR SERVICES RENDERED TO SOUTH AFRICA AND THE EMPIRE."

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Miss Jessie Winter was charming in the part of the wrongly suspected heroine, and Miss Hilda Bayley acted the real culprit very well. Miss Darragh gave a grim, impressive picture of the revengeful wife of the murdered man, and Miss Marie Illington was humorous in the character of the professor's formidable wife.

"Samples," at the Vaudeville, was fairly American before; now it has become even more so. Mr. Gene Gerrard, a cheerful and energetic gentleman from the States, has joined Mr. Melville Gideon, who has the piano and the slightly sentimental songs; and two new ladies, Miss Billie Carleton and Miss Beatrice Lillie, make a great success with their singing and dancing, Miss Carleton in particular being very successful with that favourite ballad, "A Broken Doll." England contributes a newcomer in Mr. Davy Burnaby, who saunters through the revue with a careless and a happy air, and makes a very good substitute for Mr. Bert Coote.

"The Man Who Stayed at Home," after a very long visit to the Royalty, has been transferred to the Apollo, because his original home is needed for the production of "Disraeli," in consequence of which fact there have been great

changes in the cast. The new company gives an excellent performance of this the most successful of the war-plays.

In view of the constant and ever-growing popularity of the cinema theatre, it is not surprising that another weekly journal dealing with the subject has made its appearance. It is called *The Cinegoer*, and is brightly written, brightly illustrated, published at 2d., and edited by Mr. C. F. Higham. Among the many interesting contents of the current number, which is No. 5, is an article, with portrait, upon "Richard Dehan," Miss Clotilde Graves, the clever author of "The Dop Doctor," which is very shortly to be seen as a photo-play.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

## FICTION.

- Meleager. H. M. Vaughan. 6s.  
(Martin Secker.)  
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole. 6s.  
(Martin Secker.)  
Three Pretty Men. Gilbert Cannan. 6s.  
(Methuen.)  
Narcissus. Viola Meynell. 6s.  
(Secker.)  
Casuals of the Sea. William McFee. 6s.  
(Secker.)  
Moby Lane and Thereabouts. A. Neill Lyons. 6s.  
(The Bodley Head.)  
At Possum Creek. W. S. Walker. 6s.  
(Century Press.)  
Sea-Salt and Cordite. Patrik Vaux. 1s. net.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Pegeen. Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. 3s. 6d. net.  
(Grant Richards.)

## FICTION (Continued)—

- The True Dimension. Warrington Dawson. 6s.  
(Martin Secker.)  
Making Money. Owen Johnson. 6s.  
(Martin Secker.)  
A Corner in Diamonds. Morice Gerard. 6s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Round-About. J. E. Buckrose. 6s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Devil Doctor. Sax Rohmer. 6s.  
(Methuen.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Irish at the Front. Michael MacDonagh. 1s. net.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Blood and Iron. Wilson McNair. 6s. net.  
(Seeley, Service.)  
My Secret Service. By the Man who dined with the Kaiser. 2s. net.  
(Jenkins.)

**DALY'S** The George Edwardes Production **BETTY**  
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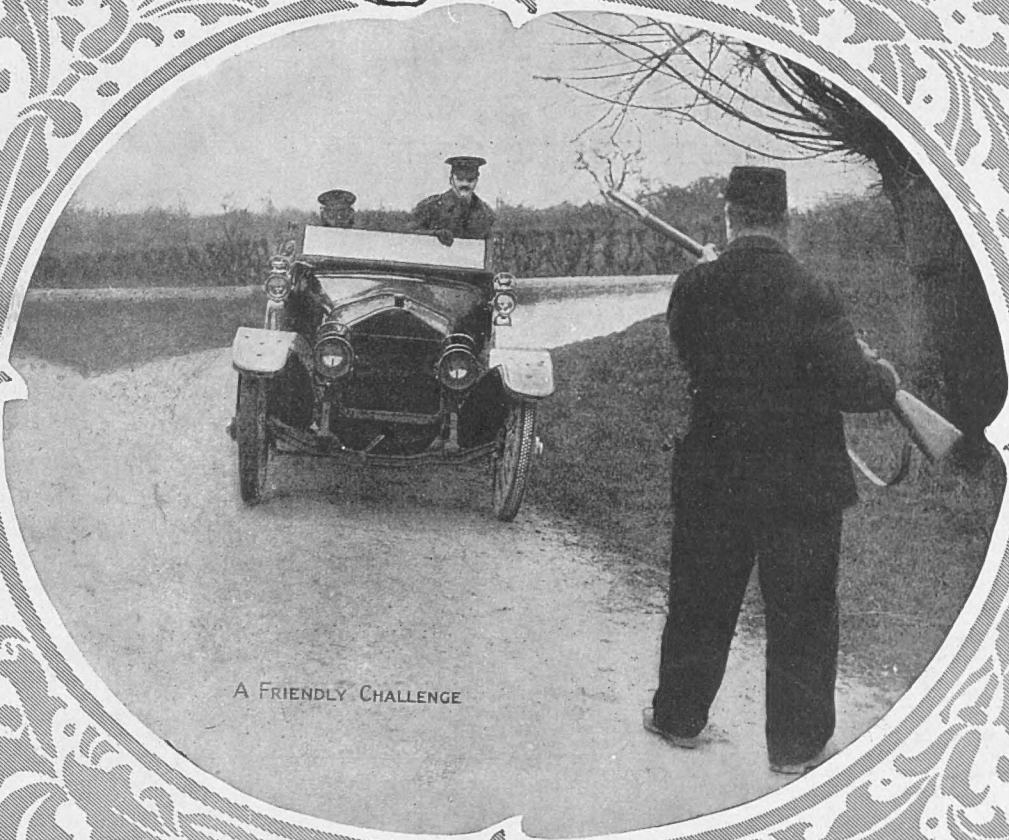
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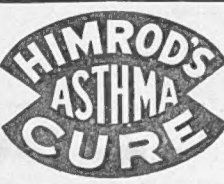
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AT A SCHOOL OF BOMBING.

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